Saturday Review
October 30, 1976
75¢

THE SUN

AS STAR OF STARS
AS MYTHOLOGY'S DEITY
AS SOURCE OF POWER
AS HEALER AND HAZARD

THE SUNNIEST BEACHES
25 SUN-WASHED WINTER PLACES
THE SUN-TANNED SKIER

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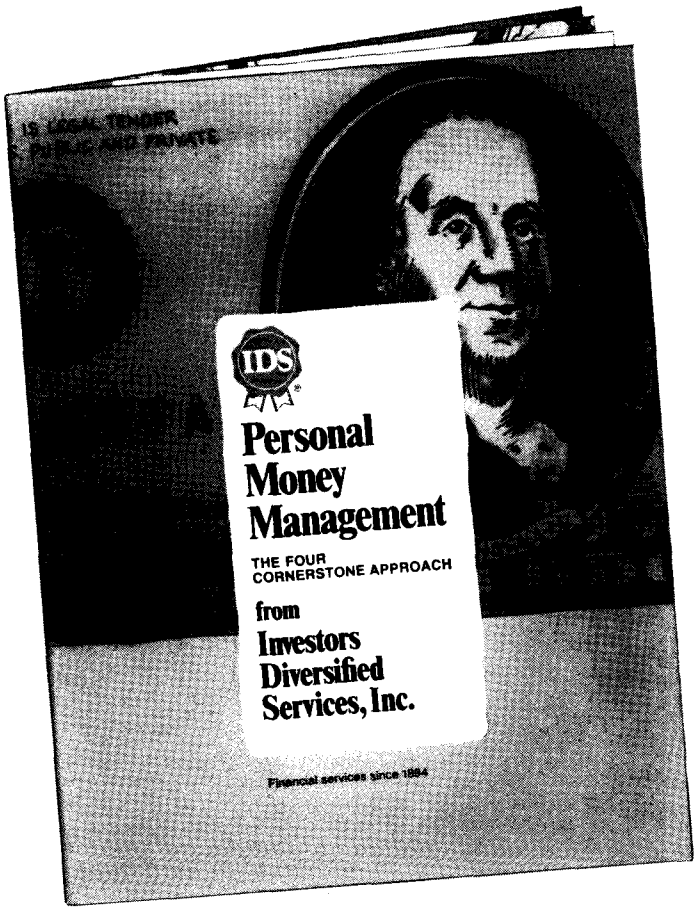

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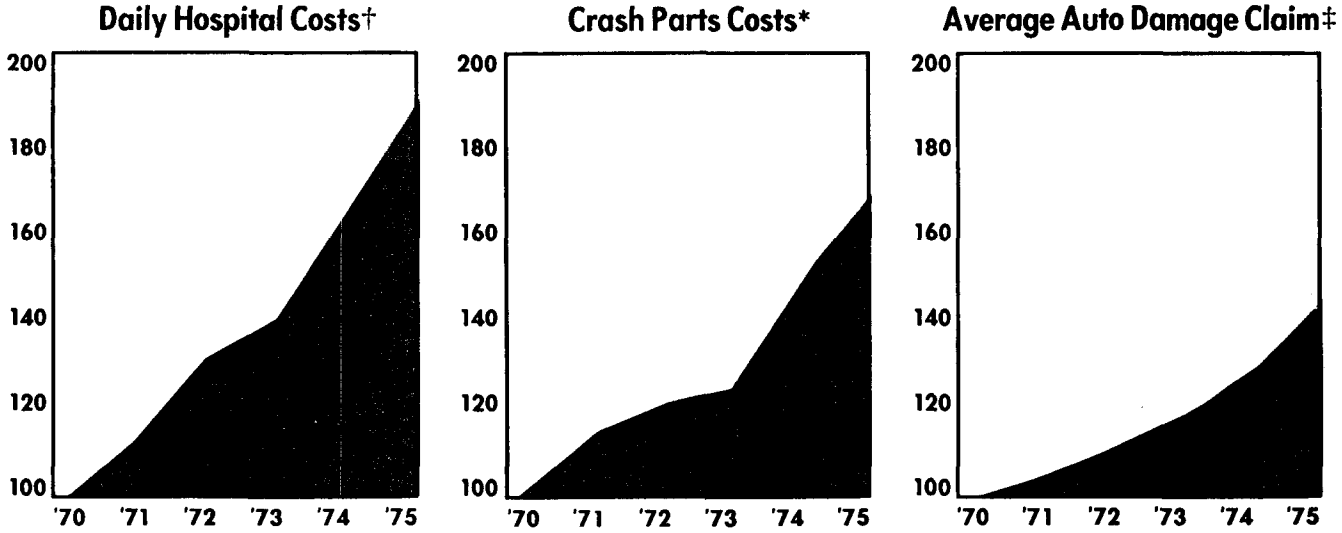

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THE TRAVELERS

Source: *State Farm Insurance Company **Bureau of Labor Statistics †American Hospital Association and Health Insurance Institute ‡The Travelers experience

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Editor's Page

Philadelphia Story

"The trouble with all this apparent logic was that it cleared the way for one of the greatest rip-offs in American history."

THE name Susan Barnes is fictitious, but everything else about this story is true. Susan is twenty-seven, a college dropout, and lives in the eastern section of Philadelphia. She is unemployed and is qualified for welfare payments, food stamps, and Medicaid.

Like many thousands of other young people, Susan used to have a serious problem with such hard drugs as heroin, LSD, and cocaine. She has now switched to "softer" drugs—Valium, Seconal, Nembutal, Tuinal, Quāālude, and Librium. Her drug habit is now underwritten by the state of Pennsylvania, which pays her doctor and assumes the costs of the prescriptions.

If Susan Barnes wanted to take advantage of all the loopholes in the law, she could make herself a bundle. She could go to a dozen or more different doctors each day, get a fistful of separate prescriptions for drugs, and then proceed to sell them in the drug underground.

Incredible as it may seem, there are no laws in Pennsylvania or in many other states that prohibit someone from obtaining multiple prescriptions, or doctors from writing the prescriptions wholesale, or pharmacies from filling the prescriptions. Many thousands of drug users work the system for everything it is worth. Their addiction is subsidized by society. The pharmacies get in on the gravy train by filling the prescriptions.

It is not difficult to understand how the present bizarre situation developed. In a sense, American society is still coping with the widespread use of drugs that sprang up during the 1960s. The spectacular increase in crime at that time was tied to the use of drugs. Many thousands of young people turned to theft as the only means of satisfying their habit. Not infrequently, the thefts led to violence. When drug-caused crime became epidemic, the nation was confronted with hard choices. It was easy enough to decide that severe sentences should be imposed on the pushers and the people behind them; but what about the users? Were they all to be put in jail? Were there enough cells in the country to accommodate them? And what was to be done about addiction that had reached the point where users, if thwarted, would do anything to appease their craving?

It seemed only logical, therefore, for government to supply "soft" drugs rather than to have the addicts and near-addicts become criminals in order to get the harder ones. And, since so many of the drug users were unemployed or unemployable, it seemed equally logical to put them on welfare. Then, in order to smash at the heart of the organized drug rings, society set up legitimate sources for the "soft" stuff, with doctors and pharmacists as the dispensing agents. The final rationalizing argument was that the new system would hit at the hard, dangerous drugs.

The trouble with all this apparent logic was that it cleared the way for one of the greatest rip-offs in American history. Unscrupulous doctors and pharmacists were quick to jump through the opening provided for them by government. Some of them even moved to depressed neighborhoods, knowing that hanging out a shingle in those areas would give them ready access to drug users on welfare. The result was usually a growing parade of "patients" who would be "treated" for no more than a few minutes and who would leave with prescriptions for drugs at society's expense. For each of these "visits," the doctors would bill the state $10. The records show that some doctors billed the state for more than 100 "visits" a day. Some pharmacies filled as many as 1,000 prescriptions a day—again, with the state picking up the bill.

What is most significant, of course, about this Philadelphia story is that it is not confined to Philadelphia. In almost every other large American city, the same dangerous absurdities exist.

It would be easy to direct all our indignation against the young people who are the focal points of the problem. But what about the physicians who are exploiting the attempt of American society to devise supposedly humane policies for dealing with drug dependents? Is no moral or legal issue posed by the fact that some doctors make hundreds of thousands of dollars a year out of drug-dependent indigents? And what about the pharmacies, which are doing a land-office business in dangerous drugs, with the state as sponsor and underwriter?

Is there no better answer to the problems caused by American citizens who have become physical, emotional, and economic cripples largely because of drugs? Is it necessary to subsidize a lesser evil in order to deal with an intolerable situation? Must we accept the notion that if something is seriously wrong, the best thing to do is to legalize it?

Great Britain's answer to the question has the virtue, at least, of being comprehensive. A drug addict has to come to a government station in order to obtain a dose. Treatment is an integral part of the scheme. Records are kept. There is no way for unethical doctors to loot the public treasury.

ADMITTEDLY, no one has a perfect solution or system. Anything as messy as the drug plague—spilling over, as it does, into so many sectors of the national life—does not lend itself to pat answers. But the evidence is clear that our response to the challenge is little better than a cop-out. We're ducking the tough ones, hoping that if we spread enough dollars around, somehow the problems will recede.

A great deal has been said about the folly of appeasement in world affairs. But the worst form of appeasement is self-appeasement through self-deception and irresponsible compromise. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

More Morality

By concentrating solely on the problems associated with the disposal of radioactive wastes, N.C. vastly oversimplifies the issue of our moral obligation to future generations ["Time and Morality," September 18]. A balanced assessment would compare the impacts that the use of forms of energy other than nuclear power will have on future generations. . . . Where is the morality in burning fossil fuels, which inevitably emit dangerous air pollutants that may cause major climatological changes and profoundly affect future generations? Or is it permissible for our generation to consume voraciously the remaining reserves of natural gas and petroleum, leaving future generations to find substitutes for these resources in electricity production and transportation and in making petrochemicals, including drugs (for which petroleum is indispensable)?

In addition, N.C. neglected to mention the most promising method of dealing with radioactive wastes: transmutation. . . . Wastes would be transformed in a nuclear reactor to shorter half-life and less harmful isotopes. If this procedure were used, the disposal of radioactive wastes could cease to be a serious problem.

David W. Hearding
South Weymouth, Mass.

Counterpoint

. . . I was naturally quite disturbed by Dr. Daitzman's letter [September 4]. The letter indicated that mental-health professionals are the best judges of "mental health" and that therefore they are able to assess the competence of national leaders who must make decisions about nuclear armaments.

Prior to permitting any mental-health professionals to make such decisions for our society, they should be asked to produce the following:

(1) Reliable definitions of various levels of mental health and mental illness that are accepted throughout our society.

(2) A list of personality tests that reliably discriminate among the various populations defined by (1) above in terms of both present and future functioning.

It is my opinion that mental-health professionals can provide both of the above only in the cases of individuals who are so socially incompetent that no professional definitions or personality tests are necessary. As the ability of an individual to function in society increases, the degree of agreement as to the individual's level of "mental health" or "mental illness" decreases; therefore, in many cases the definitions tell us as much about the value system of the definer as about the individual whose functioning is being defined.

The reliable definition of differing degrees of emotional health and emotional disturbance is an important problem. . . . In my opinion, professionals who make extravagant claims of competence unwarranted by the current limits of knowledge only set the stage for a strong backlash of public opinion in the future.

. . . I don't feel we have the means to certify anyone as being competent to make decisions about starting a nuclear war. . . .

Christopher K. Rich, Ph.D.
Duluth, Minn.

I doubt that Dr. Daitzman's plan to have the President's mental state checked periodically would significantly contribute to our safety. A week or even a day after such an examination and clearance, the President's mind could "go." . . . Nor is a psychiatric examination that reliable or diagnostic in the early stages of mental aberration. A more practical and dependable plan would be to remove the button from the hands of one man and to place it under the control of a group of men. . . .

J. E. Schmidt, M.D.
Charlestown, Ind.

No Right to Be Wrong

. . . Reg Murphy states, "Bond and Mrs. Grace Hamilton, another black legislator from Atlanta, ran against Carter's delegate slate. They lost" ["Not since Jefferson and Madison," September 4].

The statement that I ran as a part of any slate for delegate to the Democratic National Convention is totally in error. . . . As a wise man said, "Every man has a right to express his opinion, but no man has a right to be wrong in his facts."

Grace Towns Hamilton
House of Representatives
Atlanta

Below the Mason-Dixon

Faulkner did not consider himself essentially a "Southern novelist" ["New Faces in Faulkner Country," September 4]. He said he wrote about the South because he knew it best. . . . I say this in the hope that the label "Southern" does not become obstructive to understanding his genius. The geographical South is not a microcosm of the world—it is distinctive—but Faulkner's understanding and portrayal of its humanity make it universal, and this should be the primary distinction of his art.

William J. Harnack
Williamsville, N.Y.

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Diversions

The Turvy-Topsy Japanese
(Part I)

by Leo Rosten

GEORGE MIKES (*Mik*-esh), one of the wittiest writers in England, told me the story of his first encounter with the Japanese. No sooner had he got off the plane at Tokyo airport than a nervous reporter swooped down upon him, grinning and bowing, pen poised over notebook, asking, "Prease, sir, what are imporessions of our country?"

George, the fastest mental gun east of the Pecos, held forth on how much he already admired the beauty of Nipponese flower arrangements, the magical sight of Mount Fuji in the moonlight, the charms of *geisha* girls, etc.

The reporter scribbled away in frenzy, kowtowed a dozen genuflections, and rushed off to get the interview into print.

To the Japanese friend who also had met him, George said, "I hope that chap didn't take me seriously."

"Don't worry!" said the friend. "He does not understand a word of English."

"But will he actually write anything about my joking impressions?"

"Certainly. He always writes the same 'imporessions' by famous arrivals."

This anecdote may sound farfetched to you, but it does not raise my barometer of suspicion by the breadth of a baby's hair. I stopped being incredulous about things Japanese when I learned, in Tokyo, that the houses are numbered according to the order in which the building permits were issued. The numbers bear no resemblance to the location of the house or to the numbers to the left and right of it.

Suppose the houses in, say, Chicago were numbered Nipponese style: 807 Clark Street might be next to 1641 on one side, 952 on the other, and 28 across the way. In the building-permits files at City Hall a typical page would read:

#3841—6/7/48—Abe Cumquat
#3842—6/8/48—Nelly Le Brun
#3843—6/9/48—Howard Snattle

Now, Mr. Cumquat might put up a shack on Douglas Boulevard numbered 3841, Madam Le Brun might build a bordello on Twenty-second Street numbered 3842, and Mr. Snattle might erect a mansion on Sheridan Road numbered 3843.

I cannot blame you for wondering how in the world anyone in Tokyo manages to get to the right address. I'll tell you how. Your host writes or telephones extremely detailed instructions. When I was invited to visit a learned professor in Tokyo, I followed his travel orders to a T:

Go to Sukiyaki Bank, just beyond Ichimoro shrine. Pass bank until you see rock nursery. Turn left. Pass peach trees to pagoda on left. Proceed to Takishamaya Skating Rink. Stop. Opposed to rink is Nagiku Herb Emporium. Tell your driver to enter emporium and ask proprietor to provide directions to Professor Michio-san.

All was bedlam thereafter. Since a Japanese would sooner disembowel himself than insult you by saying "I don't know," we were misdirected with counterfeit confidence by three successive residents of the neighborhood.

My driver finally had to phone the professor and tell him where we were marooned. He sent a kimonoed servant to clop-clop on her *getas* to show us the way.

I HAVE been enamored of Japan ever since I read Lafcadio Hearn, and hypnotized by Japanese mores ever since I read Ruth Benedict's tour de force, *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword.*

When my wife and I went to the Land of the Rising Sun, we found the people as fascinating as their customs are mystifying. Recently I found a measure of enlightenment in an article by Frank Gibney (in that admirable journal *Encounter*). Gibney presents a typical dialogue between two Japanese businessmen who, like their compatriots, feel that they must explore every conceivable way in which an offer can be approached, interpreted, countered, evaded—or even acknowledged. So they go through prolonged agonies before they can decide how to answer an offer:

AKIHITO: Upon reflection, I conclude that it isn't that we can't do it the way they ask.

TSUGU: But it would be impossible to reply that it can't be.

AKIHITO: Yet unless we can announce that it cannot be done, it would be impossible not to admit that we could not avoid doing it.

However tortuous such casuistry may be to Occidentals, it does not disorient the Japanese. Gibney remarks: "Such a conversation may even result in a positive course of action."

It must. How else can one explain Japan's phenomenal GNP? [To be concluded in Mr. Rosten's next column.] ◉

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Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"No, Vincent, I certainly won't take a painting of sunflowers in payment for the rent."

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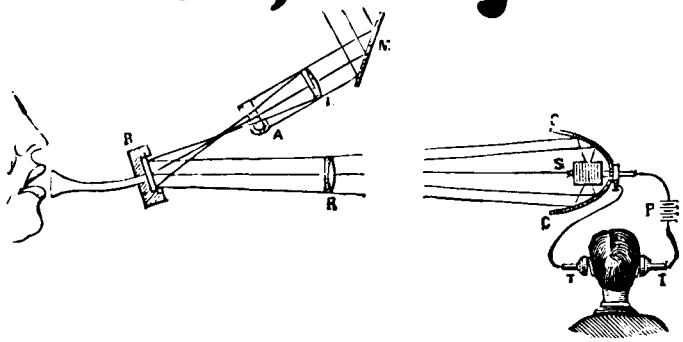
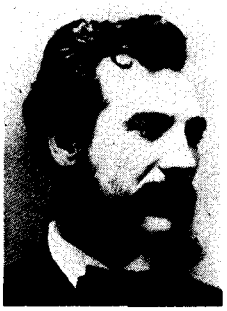
What's next, Professor Bell?



The photophone transmitted voices on a beam of light in 1880.



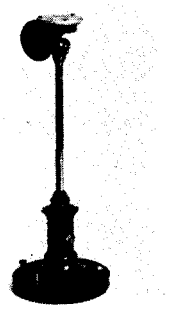
Alexander Graham Bell

"The greatest invention I have ever made; greater than the telephone." That's how Alexander Graham Bell rated his photophone, patented four years after the telephone, to transmit conversations on a beam of light. (Photophone = light-sound.) He actually demonstrated lightwave transmission of voices, but it would be nearly a century before it would become a practical reality.

The photophone was one of many ideas Bell proposed to improve the usefulness of his basic invention. Working with him on improvements were his assistants Thomas A. Watson, who received the world's first telephone call on March 10, 1876, and Charles S. Tainter. The sort of work they did would be called today "research and development".

Bell envisaged a telephone network linking the cities of the nation and eventually the whole world. But a voice could travel only a limited distance over a wire before it weakened and became inaudible. So the first phones depended heavily on lung power. It is no coincidence that we speak of telephone "calls", or that the word "hello", the standard greeting in phone conversations, is kin to "holler".

For years many people looked for a way to make a voice reach from coast to coast, including engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company (the parent company of the Bell System), and its manufacturing and supply arm, the Western Electric Company. Some telephone people were much interested by a paper read to the American Institute of Electrical Engineers on October 20, 1906, by Dr. Lee de Forest. The paper described de Forest's new "audion" tube, a version of the vacuum tube used at that time in radio receiving sets. Basic theory told de Forest that his invention should detect *and amplify* tiny electric currents, such as those coming over the telephone



In 1886 this special telephone set was used for long distance calls.

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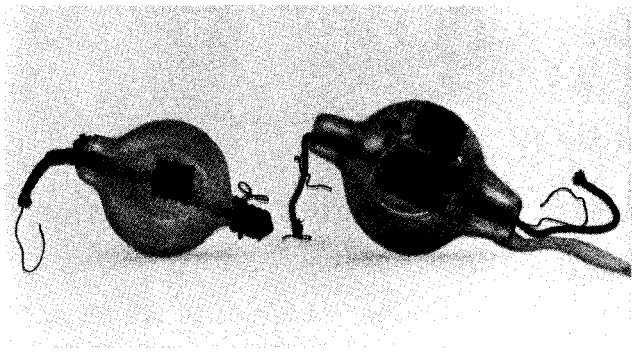
wire. But his early models failed at amplification. He continued working on his own. And telephone engineers pursued other solutions.

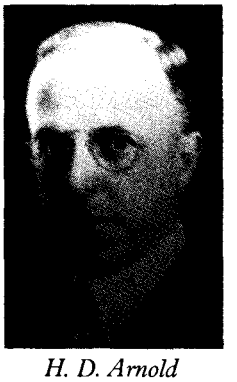
By 1912 de Forest was ready to demonstrate an improved audion that did operate as an amplifier, although imperfectly. In the group of telephone people assembled for one of de Forest's demonstrations was Harold D. Arnold, 29, a brilliant physicist hired the year before. Arnold identified at once the audion's major problem: the vacuum pump de Forest was using left too much air inside the tube, with the result that its performance was erratic and unpredictable. As a consequence of financial support by AT&T of the Bell System's research and development program, Arnold could obtain the newest pumping equipment and achieve a much higher vacuum, and within a year he had the amplifier needed. AT&T and Western Electric engineers made further circuit changes needed for telephony, AT&T management arranged for manufacture under de Forest's basic patent, and the amplifier went into production. On January 25, 1915, Bell in New York repeated to Watson in San Francisco his famous words, "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you."



Lee de Forest's audion and an improved version developed by H. D. Arnold for long distance telephony.

As the telecommunications industry grew, the vacuum tube was improved many times, but by the 1940s it was reaching its inherent limitations. Scientists at Bell Laboratories saw promise in a class of materials called semiconductors. From their carefully thought-out search came the discovery in 1947 of the transistor effect—the amplification and control of the flow of electrons in a solid material. Again the enormous problems of putting the discovery into practical form were far more quickly and expertly solved by collaboration between people at Bell Labs and Western Electric than could ever have been the case otherwise.

The story of the search for ways to strengthen telephone voices shows, in a rather simple way, many of the elements of the Bell System's research and development effort as it is carried on today: A perceived need in telephone operations. Corporate management that emphasizes service improvement. A commitment to exploration in relevant areas of basic science. A development effort, adequately funded, to move from discovery to practical use. Free exchange of information among people in research, development and manufacturing. And finally use of the discovery in equipment or a product to meet the need originally perceived. That final stage is what gives a laboratory discovery the right to be truly called an "innovation". And the expectation that applicable new knowledge will be used in the Bell System makes it possible to commit each year the millions of



H. D. Arnold

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dollars necessary to search for it.

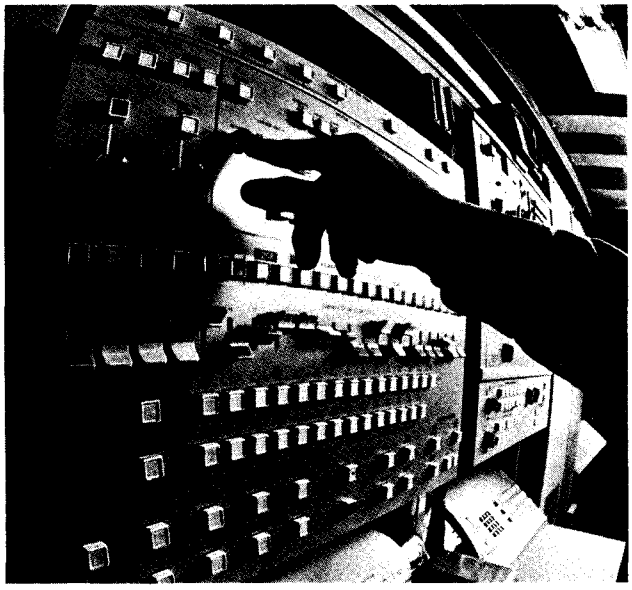
The amplifier story has an extra dimension, the use of innovations in many fields outside telephony. That is true of much Bell System research and development. It is corporate policy to publish new findings, to make new technology available to other companies through licensing arrangements, and to exchange technology with others. Vacuum tubes made possible radiotelephones, television broadcasting, improved phonographs and sound motion pictures. Scientists and engineers working for the Bell System made many contributions to all these innovations and the new industries that sprang from them. But the main objective of their investigations has been the improvement of the nation's telecommunications network and the myriad of services it provides.

The transistor, in its turn, gave birth to the whole new industry of solid-state electronics. It made practical such developments as the large-capacity computer for data processing, high-speed transmission of data between computers, space travel and communications via space satellites. Most important for the ordinary telephone user, the transistor made possible a new generation of switching machines for routing calls to their destinations—machines controlled by instructions stored in changeable memories. These electronic switching systems, now being installed, are many times faster than the best electromechanical systems. They provide enormously increased capacity and flexibility to meet the growth needs of the 1980s.

It is characteristic of a technologically oriented industry that technology must be prepared in anticipation of needs. The search requires a huge investment, both of time and money. And success depends on careful planning and close coordination of effort, in a process that runs from basic scientific exploration through fundamental development work, specific design, manufacturing capability, distribution and delivery to the ultimate consumer. For many industries, including telecommunications, the process also includes activities in maintenance, servicing and operation.

The transistor was invented at Bell Labs in 1947. Today, thousands of transistors can be made on one tiny integrated circuit chip.

In the Bell System, that process involves twenty-three regional operating companies, plus Bell Labs, Western Electric and the Long Lines Department. All these parts share one goal: to provide telecommunications services at the lowest possible cost to everyone.



Electronic switching systems, now in wide use, provide high speed and flexibility for the nation's telecommunications needs.

Such cooperation produces results.

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According to the June 28, 1976, issue of *Business Week*:

By almost any measure, Bell Labs has contributed more to the telecommunications industry and more to the U.S. economy than any other research establishment....A major part of Bell Labs' charter is to keep well ahead in technology so that no significant development applicable to telecommunications will be unavailable to the Bell System. The bargaining power made available through extensive patent holdings gives AT&T ready access to the inventions of others when the company needs them.

Since 1925, the people at Bell Labs and Western Electric have received more than 24,000 U.S. patents, which have been made widely available to all of U.S. industry and the world.

Bell System research and development work is well underway on new communications technologies to meet the needs of telephone service in the future. For example, Bell scientists and engineers are now working on a practical way to use lightwaves for communications. They have already developed pinpoint light sources—light-emitting diodes, and lasers no larger than a grain of sand. (Both projects benefited from earlier Bell research on semiconductors.) To carry

Lightwave communications technology, now being tested, uses new solid-state light sources and glass fibers to transmit phone calls.

light around corners, or under city streets, they are using tiny strands of ultra-transparent glass called "lightguides." Right now an experimental lightwave communications system is being tested by Bell Labs and Western Electric engineers in Atlanta. Light and glass may one day join electricity and copper wire in the nationwide telecommunications network, and we may in fact "talk by light". Those are Alexander Graham Bell's words, describing his photophone.

One Bell System. It works.

Bell System

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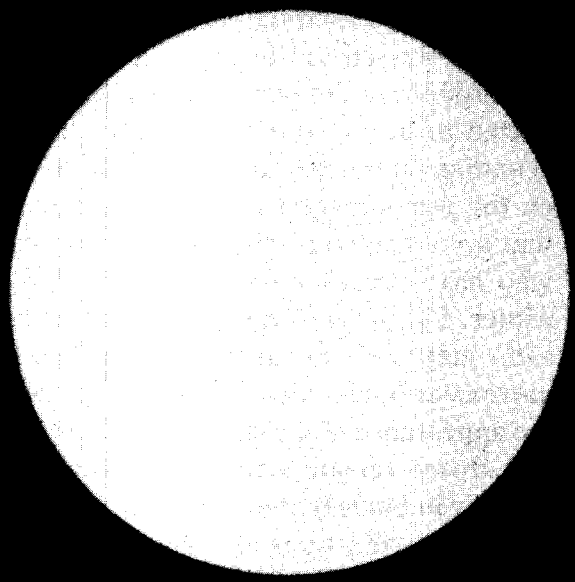
The Sun



IT TAKES only the shortening of the days, the getting up in the darkness, the coming home in the gloaming or the gloom, to set off wistful thoughts of the summer sun, now departed. The sun is not only light, it is warmth and well-being. It is harbinger and healer. Strummers and twangers equate it with love ("You are my sunshine . . ."), and poets work their iambs and spondees over it. Byron exulted in *Childe Harold*,

> The God of life and poesy and light,—
> The Sun.

Little wonder, in primitive times, that it was the focus of pious, deeply rooted religiosity that attended mythological deities. Ancient Egypt worshiped Re as god of gods. Babylon's deity was Shamash, who, as source of light, also served as maintainer of justice and its corollary, the punisher of those who commit evil. From the earliest day justice was personified by light, evil by dark.

The heroes of India's mythology were the sun

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kings, peaceful characters quite unlike the belligerent moon kings, who reigned at night. And there are distinct parallels in Persia. Caesar made note, a century before Christ, that the Teutons prayed to the sun as a god and staged sun festivals in the seasons when the sun was expected to beam most beneficently. To this day Scandinavians celebrate midsummer night's eve, on the year's longest day, with roaring bonfires that are intended to dispatch the witches of evil who have accumulated during the darkness of winter. The personification—woman-as-witch-as-evil—may well be altered when the feminist movement lands in force on Viking shores, but the appearance of the sun in full seasonal bounty will always remain a reason for celebration, especially in lands that endure long winters.

In the civilizations of early Mexico and Peru the sun-gods demanded human sacrifice to guarantee the continuum of the sun's life-giving warmth. The ball courts that travelers see in Yucatán were laid out for games that symbolized the sun arching across the heavens. The Pueblo Indians of America still perform dances as much now for visitors who pay to see the ritual as for religious content. He who ruled Peru was considered to be the incarnation of the sun-god, even as Hirohito, before MacArthur, was worshiped as the divine descendant of the sun. Unchanged is the flag of Japan, a red ball on a white field.

A far more pragmatic approach to the sun has evolved as we have grown away from superstition and turned toward a technological age. We are but beginning to comprehend—goaded by the realization that the supply of fossil fuels is not infinite—that the sun's munificent flow of energy can be harnessed to turn wheels, warm houses, provide power to move interplanetary vehicles. like Apollo's chariot, across the sky.

Most lay persons, who have taken the sun for granted through a comfortable lifetime, will find it off-putting to discover, in the neighboring essay by Albert Rosenfeld, *SR*'s science editor, that the sun is, well, just a star, and a rather second-rate star at that. Brilliant to us—and of course indispensable—it is, within the firmament, both faint and small. It is only the circumstance of its nearness to earth that gives it importance, as well as the bare fact that the next nearest star is 300,000 times as distant, too far to be a source of comfort, warmth, light, or energy, or to perform any more substantial exercise than twinkle.

It may well prove equally disconcerting to learn, as the reader who pursues the following pages surely will, that as theories go, the sun is not likely to be there forever, and will burn out, leaving just a cinder in the eye of the sky. Not to worry. As theoreticians theorize, that is not due for several billion years. Meanwhile, there are more lifetimes left than man can count to pursue the sun to climes where in certain seasons it shines most brilliantly. According to legend, the demigod Maui stood on the top of Mount Haleakala to snare the sun and force it to change its course for the benefit of the Hawaiian Islands and, of course, the Hawaii Visitors Bureau. Haleakala is a 10,000-foot volcano, dormant since 1790, whose name means "House of the Sun." A whole "science city" pulsates on the rim of Haleakala crater, scanning the heavens, while far below, visitors with less lofty purposes are supine on the beaches, warmed and toasted through the intercession of the demigod Maui.

The disappearance of the sun in hours apart from its customary setting is an event that brings scientists, camera wielders, and eclipse chasers out of the woodwork, bent on observing and recording. A week ago, such a confrerie converged in legion strength on Victoria, Australia's southernmost state to watch an eclipse that will not happen again until the next century.

On the opposite side of the world, another migration was about to begin, to the islands of the Caribbean, to Mexico and the Bahamas, to Rio and Miami—the annual exodus to cozier climes out of range of frostbite. Skiers in search of snow and sun will seek those twin rewards of winter in Squaw Valley, Sun Valley and Snowbird—not to mention Zakopane and Slovakia. Slathered with creams—balms at the ready in case of an overdose—the new sun-worshipers will perform an ancient rite, seeking life, health, and vigor from —what is for earthlings—the star of stars.

For the sun is really the fount of life. Even those moonbeams we have been crooning about are really sunlight reflected from the moon. A portfolio—sunlit, to be sure—on mythology and astronomy, on sun power and sunny places and beckoning beaches, appears on the next eighteen pages. —HORACE SUTTON

Overleaf photograph, Cape Blanco, Oreg.: Gabe Palmer/The Image Bank

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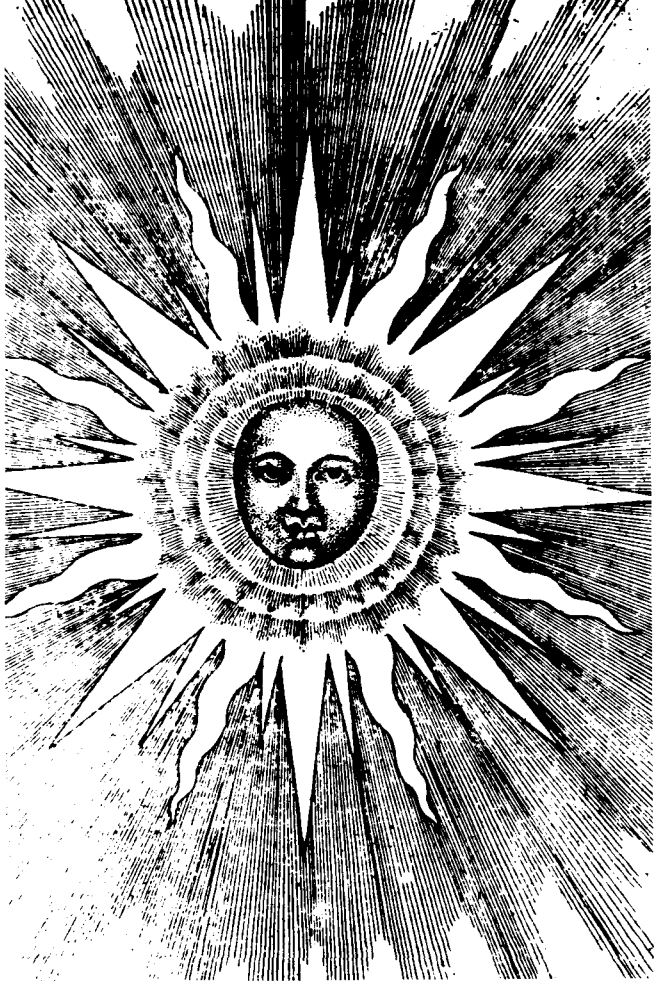

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Star of Stars

Yes, the sun is just another twinkle and, as stars go, merely middle class, but anything hotter would make earth unlivable

by Albert Rosenfeld

PERHAPS it's just as well that, most of the time, we take the sun pretty much for granted. It's that friendly and familiar lamp up in the sky that provides us with warmth and with daylight—with nightlight, too, for that matter, its glow reflected off the moon. We do know, of course, that when it is shining at its brightest, it can scorch our skins; we squint and dare not look at it straight on. So we are not totally unaware of its power. But if we were able to comprehend, in anything remotely like their true dimensions, the incredible forces that play erratically within the fiery innards of the star that holds our planet prisoner in its gravitational field, we might be almost too awestruck to go about our daily business. We might live in terror of being vaporized at any moment without notice, just as the substance of the sun itself is vaporized by its own unimaginable temperatures, so that it is made of nothing but gases—all 2 billion billion billion tons of it.

Only in modern times have we come to understand that our sun *is* a star. Or, to put it another way, what we once believed to be stars—those pinpoint-sized twinkles of light all over the night sky—turned out to be distant suns (except for those few that turned out to be nearby planets), many of them mightier than our own. In fact, the sun is no great shakes of a star, as stars go. It is one of the ordinary stars of the family that astronomers call the "main sequence." It is about average in size and in luminosity—a so-called fifth-magnitude star. If we look out at the constellation Orion, for instance, and find the star Rigel, we discover that it is a "blue supergiant," burning with the luminosity of 40,000 suns! Its life span, however, will be much shorter than our sun's.

Yes, stars, too, have finite life spans. It stands to reason that they must, considering the prodigal rates at which they consume their fuel. The realization that stars do possess life cycles also brought the realization that many stars—such as the "red giants" and "white dwarfs"—that seemed to belong to entirely different families of stars are really main-sequence stars at later stages in their life cycle. The sun, now about 5 billion years old, has just about reached the prime of its middle age. As more billions of years go by, it, too, seems destined to age and die in the main-sequence pattern.

For this moment in cosmic time, our sun is a middle-sized run-of-the-mill star. Anyone who wishes to downgrade it further need only point out that it is one of hundreds of millions of stars in this lens-shaped galaxy we call the Milky Way. Moreover, instead of being in the galactic center, as was once believed, it is located out on the periphery of the lens, about three-quarters of the distance from the galaxy's core. (Just as the earth orbits the sun once a year, the entire solar system revolves around the hub of the galaxy in a majestic swing that takes some 200 million years.) To emphasize further the immensity of the universe we inhabit, this galaxy of ours is one of a "local cluster" of galaxies—there are millions of such clusters—and the *light* from our closest neighboring galaxy takes *2 million years* to reach us. Thus, our sun, from this cosmic perspective, is an inconsequential lightspeck lost on the outskirts of a minor galaxy.

All that said and admitted, still, the sun is *our* star of stars—and anything much more impressive would soon render our planet uninhabitable. Its diameter measures 864,000 miles across—not so enormous—roughly 144 round trips between New York and Los Angeles, though traveled in a straight line, right *through* the sphere of the sun, not over its surface. On the other hand, the sun is almost a million times heavier than the earth (2 octillion tons versus 6.6 sextillion tons) and more than a million times as voluminous (335 quadrillion cubic miles versus 260 billion cubic miles). And all that is hot gas in ceaseless turmoil. The sun is not a rigid body; its gases seem to be in separate globs that don't even rotate in unison. For example, a given point on the rim of the sun's equator takes about twenty-five days to make a complete rotation, whereas a site in the polar regions may take thirty-five days. What holds it all together and makes it possible for the sun to retain its stability is precisely its main-sequence dimensionality; that is, it is just the right

Albert Rosenfeld is science editor of SR.

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size so that there remains a delicate balance between the force of gravity pressing its mass inward and the fierce internal temperatures exerting a balancing force outward. This will not always be so, but, according to the astronomers, we can count on it for another few billion years anyway.

IF YOU should happen to be reading this article by natural light—say, on some sunny beach—it would not ordinarily occur to you that the page is illuminated by light waves that have just completed a 93-million-mile journey from the sun, traveling at (what else?) the speed of light, 186,000 miles per second—the speed limit of the known universe. So the light has taken about 8.33 minutes to reach you. And the light keeps coming. For the sun to maintain this order of luminosity, it must shine steadily with the power of millions of billions of billions of watts. This light, of course, pours out in all directions, and we receive only a tiny fraction of it. But in order to radiate that much energy at a constant rate from its surface out into space, what must be going on in the turbulent furnaces at the sun's core?

Temperatures on the sun's hot surface measure in the thousands of degrees, but at the core they go up—whether you measure them on the Fahrenheit, centigrade, or Kelvin scales—into the millions of degrees. The sun's core is, in effect, a gigantic thermonuclear reactor, creating its power—as hydrogen bombs do—by the fusion of hydrogen atoms into helium.

If you snap your fingers—as you read this page on the beach—in that fingersnap of time 4.5 million tons of hydrogen will have been consumed in order to give you enough light to read by (a pretty heady thought, that). Even at that extravagant rate of consumption, fortunately, the supply of hydrogen is sufficient to last billions of years longer.

If the energy from the sun's fusion reactor were to be released raw, in the form of high-frequency, shortwave gamma radiation, it would kill everything in its path, since a quantum of it is several million times as penetrating as the gentle rays of the visible-light spectrum that do fall upon us. Fortunately, the radiation must fight its way out of the sun's core through about 300,000 miles of restless gases, including the 80,000-mile-thick layer called the photosphere, which culminates in the sun's surface "skin." During this journey the gamma rays interact with other particles, releasing less lethal X rays and ultraviolet rays; they, in turn, interact with other particles until finally most of what escapes from the sun is the product of excited electrons' jumping their orbits just enough to release energy in the visible-light range. As added protection there are the two layers of the sun's atmosphere, the thin chromosphere and the far-reaching corona; and what's left gets a final screening by our own protective atmospheric layers and radiation belts.

Of course we receive a diversity of further radiation from the sun's roiling surface. The virtually impalpable "solar winds" go all over the solar system, and the solar flares that erupt from the magnetic-storming surface in their eleven-year cycles arrive here and disrupt our radio communications, create the spectacular polar auroras, and affect our weather cycles. In view of all this and of other recent data from space vehicles, many astronomers now consider the earth to be located in the sun's own extended atmosphere, even at this "safe" distance.

Though our galaxy is 10 billion years old, it took half that time for our sun to be born, out of its matter, as a glowing star. It has now burned for some 5 billion years and is scheduled to burn for roughly another 5 billion. But sometime before that (though still a few billion years hence), astrophysicists predict that as the sun's hydrogen fuel begins to run down, the thermonuclear fires will begin to cool. Gravity, inexorably pressing inward, will again take over; but the very compression will soon (by astronomical standards) send up the temperatures again as the inert elements begin to fuse into heavier elements. Then the sun will gradually start to expand and heat up again until the temperatures on earth are such as to melt lead and bring the oceans to a boil.

It will then continue its expansion into a full-fledged red giant, growing to encompass the earth—and even the orbit of Mars and beyond—before gravity once more wins out and the sun begins to contract again. This process will not necessarily be a smooth one—perhaps it will consist of erratic spurts accompanied by some explosions—but this time it won't stop until the sun has become a densely packed, feebly glowing white dwarf star, no bigger than the earth itself. Finally, even that glow will fade, and our former sun will have become a blackened cinder floating in the void, awaiting the fate of the galaxy and, indeed, the rest of the universe—whose own life span, according to most cosmologists, may also be finite.

But all this need not be a cause for instant despair.

For one thing, the mathematicians and the astrophysicists and the astronomers and the cosmologists are a long way from knowing everything about anything. Their scenarios may turn out to be based on theories and calculations that are erroneous. (It's been known to happen!) Even now there exists, for instance, what is known as the "angular-momentum problem": although the planets contain only about one seven-hundredth of the matter in the solar system, they possess 98 percent of the angular momentum; whereas the sun, with well over 99 percent of the matter, has only 2 percent of the angular momentum—a situation that grossly violates the law of the conservation of angular momentum. This remains a still-unresolved perplexity.

Then there is the "mystery of the missing neutrinos": measurements of solar emissions have been able to detect only a small percentage of the neutrinos that ought to be coming out of the sun if the fusion theories are correct. Unless something is wrong with the equipment (which seems unlikely but can't be ruled out yet), the solar theorists may have to go back to their blackboards and start over again.

EVEN if they turn out to be right, remember that for only a few centuries has the human brain been learning how to do things like weigh and measure the sun at long distance and explore the stars and map the galaxies with ingenious instruments and formulations. In a sense, the mind has created the entire universe out of intangible radiations and inferences about them. If we've been able to do all that in a few hundred years, starting from scratch, what solutions might we not discover, starting from where we are now, in a few thousand years or a few million?

For this moment, be fascinated, be filled with wonder. But it's too soon to run scared. Stretch out on your blanket. Relax. Enjoy the sun. Doomsday is billions of years away, and a billion years is a long time. ◉

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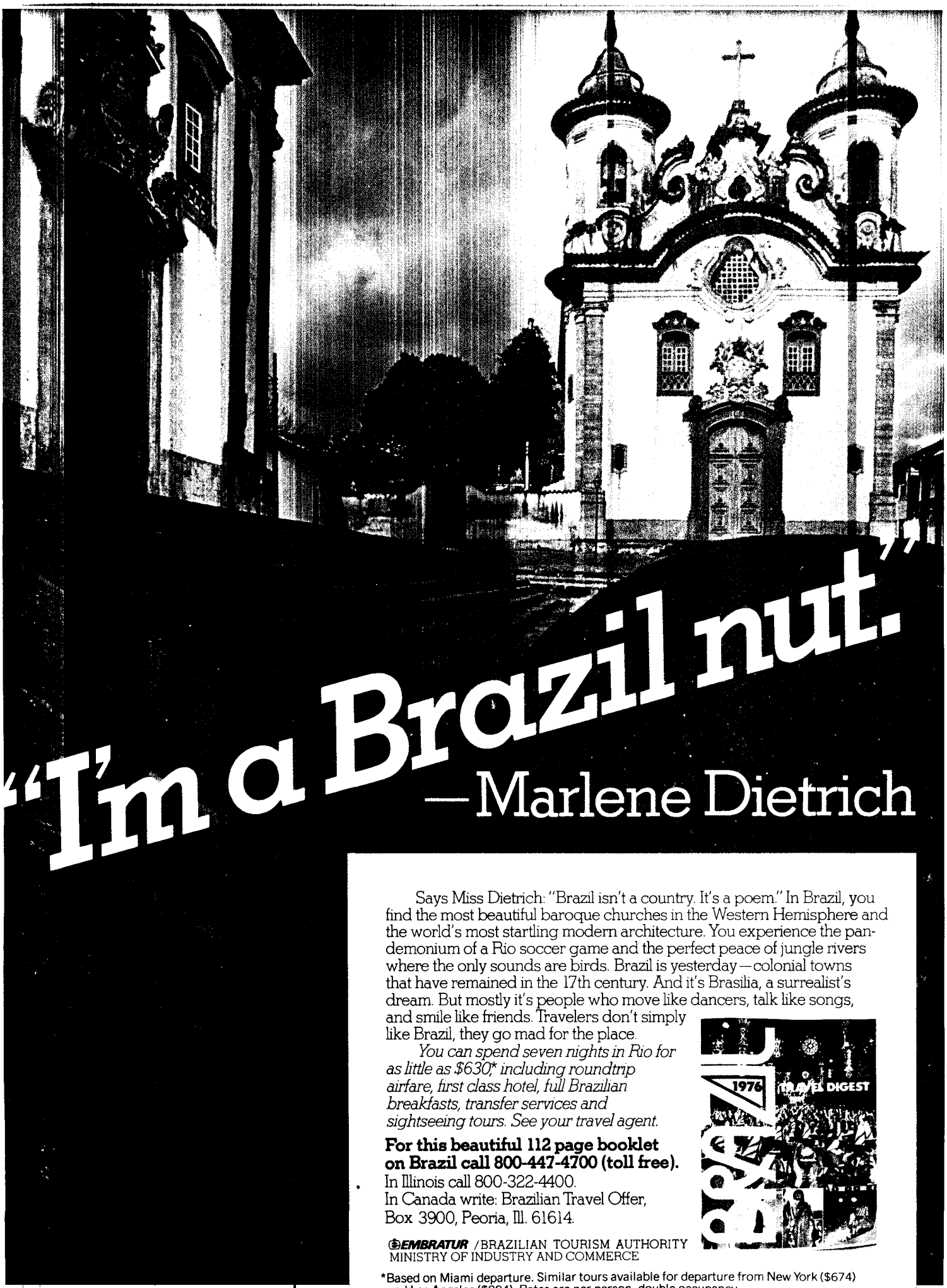

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—Marlene Dietrich

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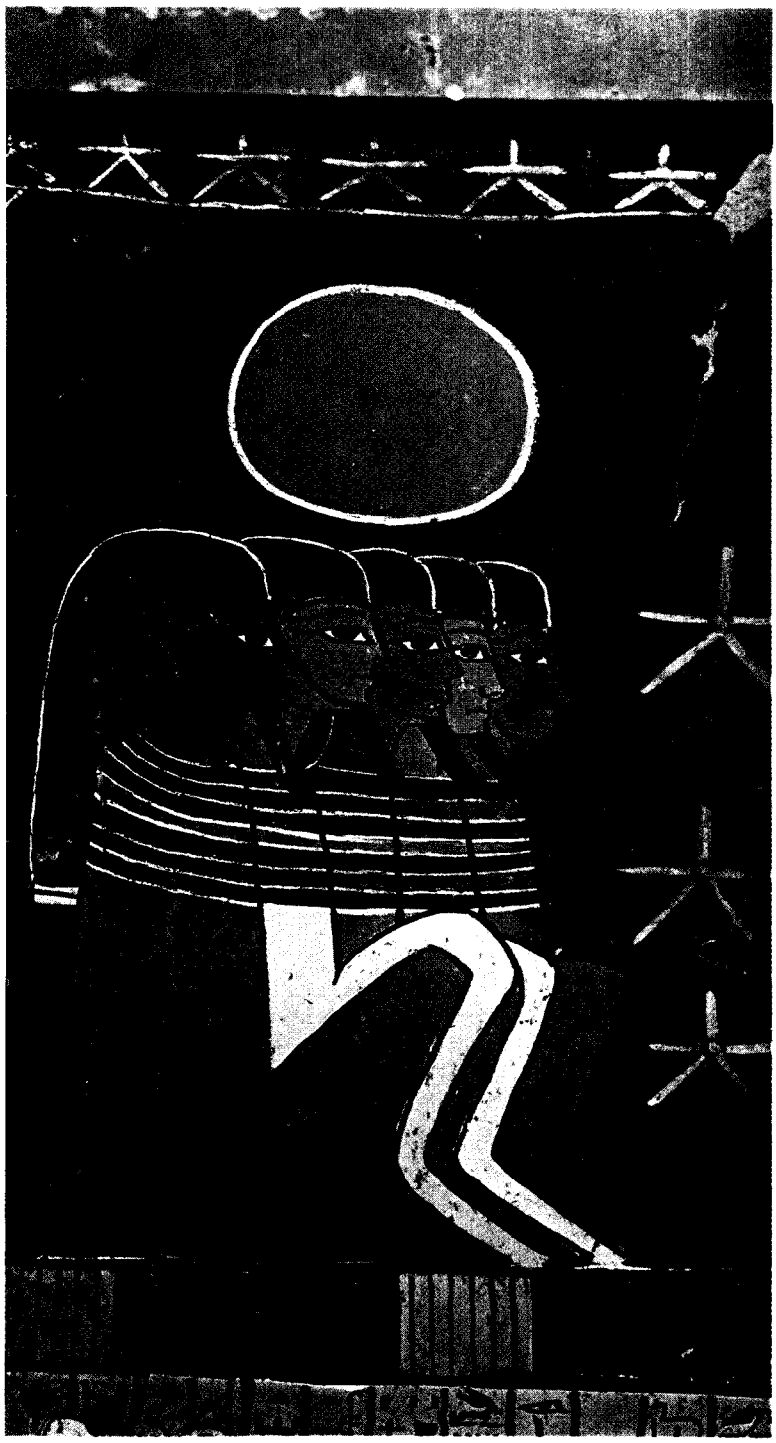
The Flaming God

Greek and Norseman, Aztec and Egyptian, all prayed to a sun-god, mythology's deity, without whom no human could live

by Isaac Asimov



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Tomb of Irinūfer, Thebes—"the god of that city became Amon-Re, god of Thebes and of the sun."

IF YOU were a primitive person waiting through a long night; if it were dark and chilly, with no source of light and heat but perhaps a smoldering campfire; if you could hear the rustling noises that might mean predatory animals that could see far better in the dark than you could; if you could sleep no more—what would be the greatest sight?

It would have to be the soft graying of the sky in the east, the brightening of the dawn, which brought the sure promise that, in a short while, poking above the horizon, would come the sun itself, to make the world light and warm and secure again.

In those days, when the workings of the universe were attributed to myriad gods, surely among the chief of them would have to be a sun-god, powerful and beneficent, for how could human beings live without the sun? God's first command in the Bible was "Let there be light" (to be collected into sun, moon, and stars on the fourth day), for without light nothing else was possible.

To the ancient Egyptians, the sun-god was Re, and he was the principle of creation, creator of everything, even of himself. Each Egyptian city had its own god, often equated with the sun-god. When the Egyptian empire was at its height, about 1500 B.C., with its capital the southern city of Thebes, the god of that city, Amon, became Amon-Re, god of Thebes and of the sun.

Then, about 1360 B.C., when for the first time in history, as far as we know, a monotheistic religion was established briefly under Pharaoh Ikhnaton, of Egypt, the one supreme god he worshiped was the god of the sun.

The equally old Babylonian civilizations had a sun-god called Shamash, the giver of life and light, and the father of law and justice. And why not? It's natural even today to equate law and justice with the light of the sun and to feel that the cloak of darkness hides evil and crime.

Every civilization had its sun-god among the great powers of the pantheon. India had the redheaded Surya, from whom the race of human beings was descended. Japan had Amaterasu (unusual in being a sun-*goddess),* and if she was not the ancestress of the human species, she was at least the progenitor of the Japanese ruling house, of which Hirohito is the current representative.

The Norse had the beautiful Balder, god of the sun, of youth, and of beauty, who was married to Nanna, goddess of the moon. And so it goes: the ancient Irish had Lugh; the ancient Britons, Lleu; the ancient Slavs, Dazhbog, who

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A trained biochemist, Isaac Asimov is an unrestrained author who has written a galaxy of articles and more than 170 books. His latest: a collection of mystery short stories entitled More Tales of the Black Widowers.

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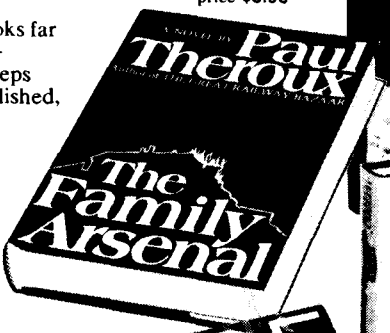

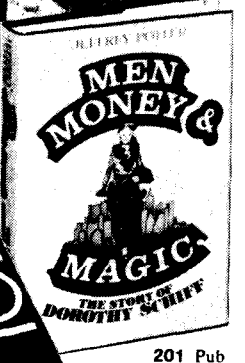

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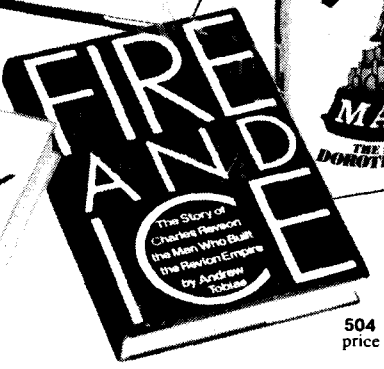

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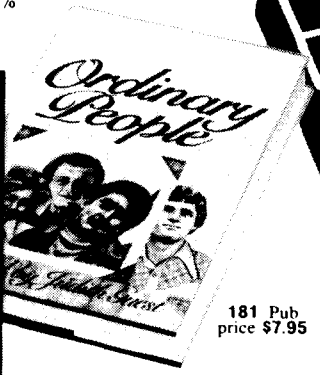

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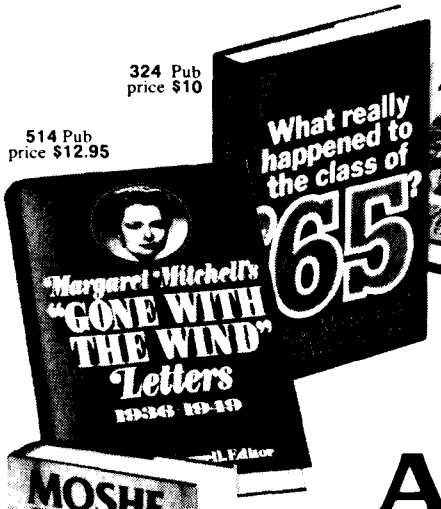

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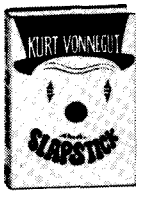

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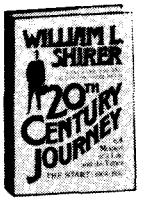

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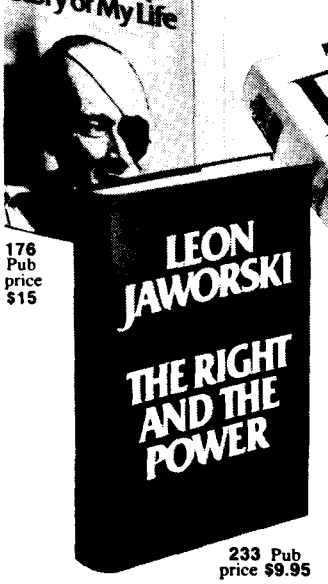

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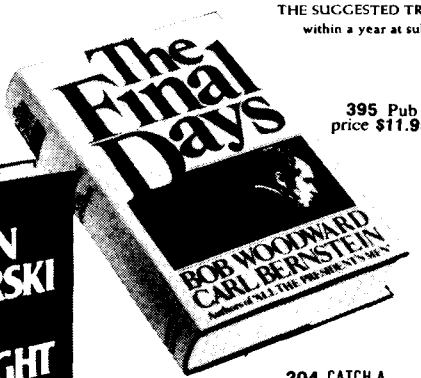

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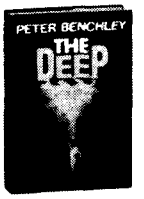

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was also the god of wealth and success—undoubtedly because of the sun's golden appearance; the Polynesians, Tane, who was also the god of all living things; the Maya, Itzamna, the sun-god who was the first, the oldest, and the creator of all else; the Aztecs, Quetzalcoatl, a sun-god who was also the god of wisdom and the inventor of the calendar.

In the West, however, the best-known sun-god is the Greek Helios, who was later identified with Apollo. Whereas the Egyptian sun-god, Re, crossed the sky in a boat, Helios crossed it in a magnificent golden chariot drawn by four fiery horses that only he could control.

The difficulty of keeping those raging steeds on their course was the thought that gave rise in Western literature to what is perhaps the best-known myth involving the sun-god. Helios had a son, Phaëthon, by the nymph Clymene. When doubts were cast on his paternity, Phaëthon went to Helios and insisted that the god vow to vindicate his son's honor. Helios vowed, and Phaëthon demanded to be put in charge of the solar chariot for a day.

Culver

Helios—"fiery horses only he could control."

Helios was forced to give in, and Phaëthon took the controls. Feeling an inept hand on the reins, the horses went out of control. Rearing and plunging, they came too close to earth, burned a desert across northern Africa, and baked the African peoples black. The earth would have been destroyed if the Greek master god, Zeus, had not struck Phaëthon out of the chariot with lightning and allowed the horses to return of their own accord to their accustomed path.

THE normal path of the sun is itself a matter of adventure. To help use the sun and moon as bases for timekeeping, the ancient Sumerians (the earliest civilization in the Tigris-Euphrates Valley) were the first to mark off the stars into those groups we now call constellations, and they gave them fanciful names based on resemblances of the distant star configurations to familiar objects. The sun, in the course of the year, passed through twelve constellations of the zodiac, called after the names of lions, crabs, and archers.

The tale of the sun's journey would recount his victory over each danger he encountered, and the suspense would be great, for only by his victory could his course be successfully completed and human survival assured. It may be that the twelve labors that Hercules must successfully complete before achieving rest in heaven is a version of the sun's passage through the twelve dangerous constellations—a version obscured by changes in the names of the constellations and by the accretions of incidents by ancient mythmakers.

Yet the sun's career is not one of unalloyed success. However triumphant he may be ordinarily, he can be obscured by clouds. In those parts of Europe where clouds and storms are common, it may be the lightning-wielding god of the sky or of storms who is supreme—the Zeus of the Greeks and the Thor of the Norse. Even the Bible seems to depict Yahweh as having been a storm-god in primitive times.

There is also the danger of eclipse, which temporarily seems to slay, in part or in whole, either the sun or the moon. In the Norse myths both the sun and the moon are eternally pursued by gigantic wolves as they make their way across the sky, and occasionally the wolves overtake the luminaries and hide them, temporarily, within their slavering jaws.

But the storm cloud appears only occasionally, and the eclipse is even more rare. One solar death, however, is periodic and inevitable. At the close of each day, the sun, no matter how glorious its reign, must sink beneath the western horizon, defeated and bloody, and night returns in victory.

This is represented most colorfully in the Norse tale of their sun-god, Balder. Balder, the joy of gods and humanity, is troubled suddenly by a presentiment of death. His mother, Frigg (the wife of the Norse master god, Odin), exacts an oath from all things to do no harm to Balder but neglects to include the mistletoe. The gods then engage in the game of hurling missiles at Balder in order to watch those missiles swerve away of their own accord.

The evil god of fire, Loki, learning of the exemption of the mistletoe, carves a mistletoe branch into a spear and gives it to Hoder, the god of night, who, being blind (after all, one cannot see by night), has not been participating in the game. Loki guides Hoder's aim and Balder falls. The sun had died under the attack of night.

A less obvious solar myth may be the Hebrew legend of Samson. The Hebrew version of the name, Shimshon, bears a striking resemblance to *shemesh*, the Hebrew word for "sun" (itself related to the Babylonian Shamash). Two miles south of Samson's traditional birthplace was the town of Beth-shemesh ("house of the sun"), believed to have been a center of sun worship.

Samson, like Hercules, survives various dangers because of his superhuman strength. What's more, Samson's strength derives from his hair, which may be viewed as representing the golden rays of the midday sun. When Samson's hair is shorn, he grows weak, as does the sun when it approaches the horizon, red and rayless, so that it can be looked on without harm. It is in the lap of Delilah that Samson sleeps when he is shorn, and Delilah's name is closely akin to the Hebrew *lilah*, meaning "night." The sun sinks into the lap of night and is defeated and blinded. But Samson's hair grows again and he recovers his strength for one last feat, since, after all, the sun does rise the next morning.

In fact, in the sunny lands particularly, the sun must survive all the onslaughts of night and must win in the end. In Persian mythology Ahura Mazdah, the god of light, fights Ahriman, the god of darkness, in a cosmic battle that fills the universe—and it is Ahura Mazdah who will win at the end of time. (The Jews of the Persian period adopted this view, and it is from 400 B.C. onward that Satan enters the

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Judaic, and later the Christian, consciousness as the dark adversary of God, to be defeated at the end.)

The sun's setting and rising is one inspiration for the many mythic tales involving the death and resurrection of a god. An even more impressive death and resurrection is the death of vegetation with the coming of winter and its restoration in the spring.

The tale of Balder might just as well be the symbol of the god of summer's being slain by the god of winter. Similar significance can be given to the death and resurrection of Osiris among the Egyptians, of Thammuz among the Babylonians, and of Proserpine among the Greeks.

But the sun is clearly connected with the summer-winter cycle as well as with the day-night cycle. Throughout the European summer, the noonday sun reaches a slightly lower point in the southern sky each day than it did the day before. As the sun's path in the sky slowly sinks southward, the temperature grows colder and the vegetation turns brown and dies.

If the sun should continue to sink and should pass down behind the southern horizon altogether, death would be universal and permanent, but that does not happen. The rate of sinking slows, and each year on December 21, by our calendar, the sun comes to a halt—solstice (from the Latin *solstitium*, "sun halt")—and thereafter begins to rise again.

The winter may continue to sharpen after the solstice, but the fact that the noonday sun rises steadily higher in the sky is a guarantee that spring and summer will come once more. The day of the winter solstice, of the birth of a new summer sun, is therefore a time for a great festival, celebrating the rescue of all life.

The most familiar solstice celebration of ancient times was that of the Romans. The Romans believed that their agricultural god, Saturn, ruled Italy during an early golden age of rich crops and plentiful food. The winter solstice, then,

Incas worshiping the sun—"every civilization had its sun-god in the pantheon of powers."

Bettmann Archive

Culver

Balder, the Norse sun-god—married to the moon.

with its promise of a return of summer and of the golden time of Saturnian agriculture, was celebrated with a week-long Saturnalia from December 17 to 24. It was a time of unrelieved merriment and joy. Businesses closed so that nothing would interfere with the celebration, and gifts were given all round. It was a time of the brotherhood of humanity, for on that day servants and slaves were given their temporary freedom and were allowed to join in the celebration with their masters and even to be waited on.

The Saturnalia did not disappear. In fact, other evidences of sun worship came in the time of the later Roman Empire. Heliogabalus, a priest of the Syrian sun-god, sat on the Roman throne from A.D. 218 to 222, and about that time, the worship of Mithra, a sun-god of Persia, was becoming popular, especially among the soldiers.

The Mithraists celebrated the birth of Mithra at the winter solstice, a natural time, and fixed on the day December 25 so that the popular Roman Saturnalia could build up to the Mithraist "Day of the Sun" as a climax.

At that time, Christianity was locked in a great duel with the Mithraists for the hearts and minds of the people of the Roman Empire. Christianity had the great advantage of accepting women into the religion, whereas Mithraism rejected them (and, after all, it was the mother, not the father, who influenced the religious beliefs of the children). Mithraism, however, had the Saturnalian festival of the sun on its side.

Sometime after A.D. 300, Christianity managed the final coup of absorbing the Saturnalia, and with that it scored its final victory over Mithraism. December 25 was established as the day of the birth of Jesus, and the great festival was made Christian. There is absolutely no biblical authority for December 25 as having been the day of the Nativity.

All the appurtenances of the Saturnalia were adopted anyway—the joy and merriment, the closing of businesses, the brotherhood, the gift giving. All was given new meaning, but all was still there.

So that beneath the panoply of the celebration of the birth of the Son is the distant echo of that far older rite, the celebration of the birth of the sun. ◉

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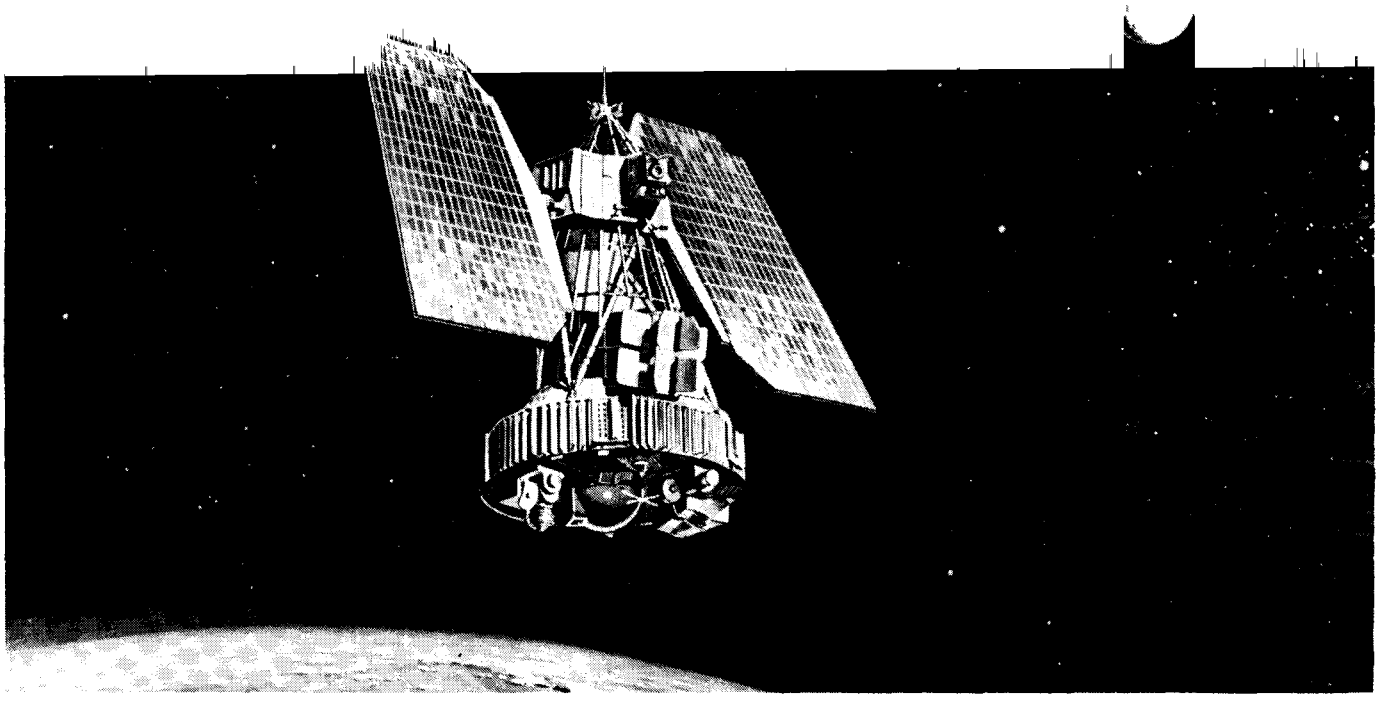

NASA satellite—"propelling a sailing vessel through space as mariners used the wind."

Sunpower!

Enough free watts beam on us to energize the world. Can we use them?

by C. P. Gilmore

EVERY fifteen minutes enough sunlight shines on the earth to meet its needs for the entire year. Lake Erie is bombarded with an amount sufficient to supply the total U.S. energy demand. Every square meter of the earth's surface is bathed in about 1,000 watts of solar radiation on a clear day; enough solar energy falls on the roof of the average house to supply all of its energy needs.

The questions raised by such figures are obvious: with such enormous amounts of inexhaustible, pollution-free energy raining down constantly, why is there an energy crisis? Can sunlight be harnessed and its energy turned into some useful form to sustain our high-energy society?

The idea that sunshine contains a great deal of energy in a form that can be converted to heat is obvious to anyone who has ever used a magnifying glass to set fire to a sheet of paper or who has felt a hot object lying in the sun. More than 2,000 years ago, according to legend, Archimedes exploited this principle in a spectacular way. During the Second Punic War, with Syracuse under attack, the Roman fleet sailed near shore. Archimedes, whose engines of war played such an important part in the city's defenses, had a new scheme. He lined up a thousand soldiers and had them use their highly polished shields to reflect the rays of the sun on the sails of the attacking vessels, one after the other. The sails—and ships—burst into flame, and Syracuse was saved, at least temporarily.

In recent decades solar researchers around the world have used sun power for less spectacular tasks. For example, a number of devices that focus and concentrate the sun's rays to produce temperatures high enough to cook food have been built and distributed to fuel-poor areas. Solar water heaters have been around for decades. Half a century ago, tens of thousands of these devices began sprouting on roofs of homes in Florida and across the Southwestern states.

The principle is extremely simple—and effective. The main collector is a sheet of copper painted black. Placed in the sun, it gets hot. Water is then pumped through a serpentine tube soldered to the copper plate. The heat collected by the plate is transferred to the tube and then to the water in the tube. The hot water is then stored in an insulated tank and used for bathing, washing clothes, and other household tasks.

The solar-water-heating business was thriving by the mid-1920s, and scores of companies had sprung up to manufacture and install such equipment. Then what seemed to be inexhaustible supplies of cheap gas were discovered, and it suddenly became more convenient and less costly to heat water by burning gas.

The infant solar-water-heating business died in this country, but it remains alive and well in Australia and Israel. In both countries solar water heating is still common, and blackened-copper collectors on the rooftops can still be seen along many streets in Brisbane and Tel Aviv.

TODAY, however, the emphasis is on using solar energy for bigger jobs. One attractive prospect is that of turning sunlight directly into electricity. It's already being done for some purposes. Almost every spacecraft for the last decade, for example, has, after launch, unfolded its wings, sparkling with dark blue-purple arrays of solar cells.

Executive editor of Popular Science, *C. P. Gilmore is author of* World of the Infinitely Small, *published by the New York Graphic Society.*

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Such cells are semiconductors, cousins of the transistor. When struck by solar photons—minute packets of light—they generate electricity, which is used to operate the vehicle's electronic and other systems. They are reliable, and the technology for making them is well known. Installed on a rooftop and connected to the proper auxiliary devices, solar cells could supply electricity to operate the lights and run the dishwasher and TV.

Yet solar cells have not begun to appear on roofs simply because of the expense. Solar cells used on space vehicles cost from $200 to $600 per watt of generating capacity. To put it another way, it would take $20,000 to $60,000 worth of cells sitting in the noonday sun to produce enough electricity to light a 100-watt bulb. Within the last few years, prices have dropped to $20 or $30 a watt for some kinds of solar cells, which is still too expensive.

Experts predict that eventually the cost can be reduced to 50 cents or even 30 cents a watt by some time in the late 1980s. That would make them practical for many things, including home use.

The second major effort now being made to harness solar energy harks back to those solar water heaters of the 1920s. If a small solar collector on a roof can heat a small amount of water for household purposes, why not install a lot of collectors and heat enough water to keep the house warm in winter?

Over the past few years, hundreds of such houses have been built around the world, and hundreds more are now under construction. They work, and work well. Yet there has been no great movement toward solar houses. The reason, as usual, is cost.

Until recently, in fact, the cost of solar equipment was so high and the cost of oil and gas so low that it was cheaper to install a furnace and burn conventional fuels for heat and hot water. But that is changing as the fuel prices rise rapidly. In addition, hundreds of research teams have become interested in the potential of solar energy. From their efforts have come an astonishing variety of ingenious devices designed to extract energy from sunlight at an economical cost.

Although most of the interest in solar energy in this country has centered around applying sun power to the individual house, some planners have been thinking of bigger ideas—including one that goes all the way back to Archimedes's scheme. Today at a desert site near Albuquerque, a strange device is taking shape. In place of Archimedes's soldiers is a field of heliostats—pedestals with mirrors that can be directed to reflect automatically the sun's rays onto a central tower. At the top of the tower is a structure containing a series of coils. Struck by concentrated solar energy, the coils are heated to hundreds of degrees. Water flowing through them boils and turns to steam. The steam can then be used to turn a turbine and generate electricity. The Energy Research and Development Administration hopes to have a 10-million-watt pilot plant based on this design in operation by 1980 and ultimately wants to construct a commercial plant of 100 million to 300 million watts. One forecast envisions such plants generating 40,000 megawatts of power by the year 2000.

JUST how far and how fast the solar movement will progress remains uncertain at this time. One visionary yet cautious attitude was projected by Piet B. Bos, manager of the solar-energy program of the Electric Power Research Institute, in the *EPRI Journal*:

> Late in the twenty-first century, our civilization may be powered directly and totally by the energy of the sun. Sprawling solar installations in the Southwest might convert sunlight into the clean fuel and electricity our nation needs. Solar collectors on rooftops could heat water and keep buildings comfortable winter and summer. And because nothing would be mined and no fuels burned, there would be relatively little impact on the environment.
>
> This vision of a solar-powered utopia is often proposed as the logical projection of established technology. But because of the enormous economic and logistic problems that stem from the intermittent and diffuse nature of solar energy, it is unlikely that anyone reading this will live in such a totally solar society.

Continued on next page

Sailing in Space

ALTHOUGH sunlight may seem a highly ephemeral phenomenon, physicists have demonstrated that it can be considered as both mass and energy. The sun's rays are made up of a stream of photons—discrete packets of light—which exert an actual, measurable pressure on objects they strike. The pressure of sunlight eventually pushes some artificial satellites out of their orbits.

Scientists are now hoping to use this pressure to propel a sailing vessel through the ocean of space as mariners of earlier centuries used the wind to ply the earth's seas. As envisioned by Dr. Bruce C. Murray and his colleagues of the "Planetary Skunk Works," a team of future-mission planners at NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, such a space sailer would unfurl a 2,000-square-foot sail of aluminized Mylar as thin as onionskin. Sun pressure would push it to Mars, where it would send down an automatic lander to dig soil samples and return them to the sailer. Then, by resetting its sails, it would cruise back to earth by sun power. Such a ship, says the Skunk Works gang, might be used to visit Halley's Comet when it returns to the vicinity of earth in 1986 and might ultimately take a manned crew to Mars. In fact, say the planners, a fleet of celestial sailing ships could fan out through the solar system to gather scientific information. They would be called—naturally—Yankee clippers. —C.P.G.

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Sunpower! from page 21

Perhaps so. But something less than a totally solar society could be worth having in the meantime. And the potential for using solar energy in our everyday lives is growing. "Our fossil fuels right now are our main source for medicines, preservatives, fertilizers, pesticides, all of our plastics, much of our clothing, many other things just as important for us, for our survival, as energy," says Dr. Erich Farber, of the University of Florida. "So we should really reserve our fossil fuels for those purposes and get our energy from some other source. We should have shifted to solar energy yesterday, and since we didn't, we should do it today. If we don't do it today, we should certainly do it tomorrow."

Farber's dream will not be easy to realize. But it may not be impossible, either. *Fortune* magazine, in a recent article documenting the many problems in using solar energy, concluded that "if . . . costs could be brought down, the move to solar energy just might grow into the biggest economic development since the automobile revolution." Outright enthusiasts have no such reservations. "There are no ifs involved with solar energy anymore," says Professor Y. B. Sofdari, of Bradley University. "It's merely a question of when." ◉

Solar Houses

THE first solar houses in this country were built by Professor Hoyt C. Hottel, of MIT, starting in 1938. Hottel built four houses, all of which used flat-plate-copper collectors on the roof to heat water. The water was then used to heat the houses. Hottel's houses worked, but they were too costly. Although the fuel—sunshine—was free, the equipment needed to collect, store, and distribute it was not. It turned out to be far cheaper over a long period of time to install a conventional furnace and burn gas or oil for heat.

One step toward cheaper solar power was taken about fifteen years ago by Harry Thomason, a Washington patent attorney. "I was visiting some relatives on their farm in North Carolina when I was caught in a sudden thundershower," Thomason recalls. "I ran under a shed with a rusty tin roof." Some of the water dripping from the corrugated roof fell on his hand. Since the roof had been in the sun until the thunderstorm swept over, the water was warm.

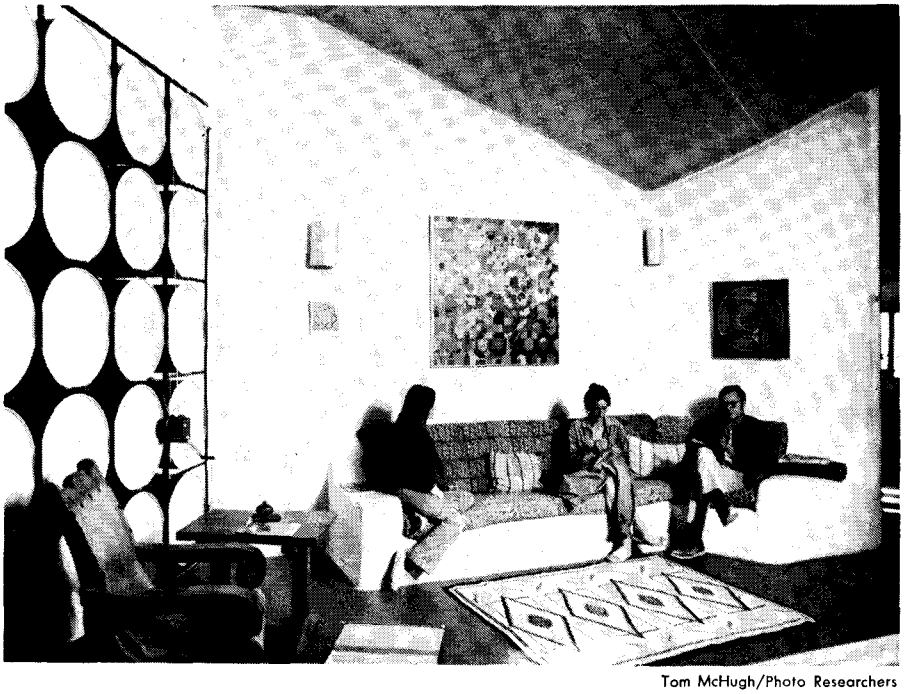
In 1959 Thomason built a house near District Heights, Md. Remembering the lesson of the thunderstorm, he covered the south-sloping roof with corrugated black aluminum and ran a galvanized-iron pipe along the apex. Regular holes drilled in the pipe allowed a trickle of water to run down the troughs formed by the corrugations. When the sun shone, the black aluminum got hot, and the water trickling into the gutter at the bottom came out steaming.

The hot water was then pumped to a 1,500-gallon basement tank, buried in a bin containing fifty tons of egg-sized stones. The hot water in the tank heated the stones by conduction. Air blown through the stones was warmed and used to heat the house.

Thomason says that during the first three years he lived in the house, his total oil bill for auxiliary heating —even during prolonged cloudy weather, when he collected little solar heat—was $18.45. Since those days, he has built two other solar houses in the same area and has licensed a number of other people around the country to build homes using his patented system.

There is uncertainty and controversy over the economics of the Thomason system, but the inventor claims that it costs about half the usual price for a given heat-gathering capacity. If that is true, it could be an important development, since the economics of more conventional flat-plate-collector systems have not been too attractive. Dr. George Löf, of Colorado State University, recently cited an example in which a solar-energy system would add about $5,000 to the initial cost of the house—enough to raise the mortgage payments by about $500 a year. Yet the owner might get the same amount of heat by spending $300 to $400 for oil and perhaps no more than $200 to $300 annually if he lives in a cheap-gas area. "Clearly," said Löf, "there has been no incentive for using solar heat."

But costs are coming down as researchers develop alternative systems. And with the cost of oil and gas rising steadily, the point at which solar energy will become economical is rapidly drawing closer. —C.P.G.



Tom McHugh/Photo Researchers

Solar-heated living room with storage drums—" 'We should have shifted to solar energy yesterday, and since we didn't, we should do it today.' "

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A Sun-Kissed Gazetteer

Assorted rookeries where the weather beams, the sun shines, and the life is interesting, salubrious, warm, or all three

by Geri Trotta

FIJI'S CORAL COAST—extending some eighty miles—is served by the 140-mile Queen's Road, which connects the one-street façade city of Nadi, where the international flights come in, and Suva, the capital. Korelevu Beach Resort pioneered the Coral Coast years back, but is now eclipsed by The Fijian, a dramatic synthesis of Fijian and modern design with tennis courts, its own nine-hole Peter Thomson golf course, new gardens, and ninety-two additional rooms, all on its own 100-acre isle connected by road to the mainland.

THE GALÁPAGOS ISLANDS—visited by Darwin in his ship *Beagle*—lie scorching in the Pacific 600 miles off the coast of Ecuador. Monochromatic outcroppings of rock, the islands look bare, but they teem with creatures whose protective coloration makes them invisible until you step ashore. Then fearless birds perch on your shoulders; lizards and iguanas don't scurry away. In this Spartan Garden of Eden, all animals are trusting. We haven't killed or mistreated them, as we have done everywhere else. The trip can be booked through Braniff. Fly to Miami, then to Quito or Guayaquil, and finally by direct flight from either city to Baltra Island. The cruiser *Delfin* will take you to Galápagos Hotel, on Santa Cruz island. Then it's out each morning for eight days to different islands. Or you can take the floating hotel *Iguana* and live aboard ship.

LAMU—a tiny coral island off the Kenya coast—is a shabby, exotic port, once a prosperous trading post of Omani Arabs, whose past grandeur can be glimpsed in moldering mosques, elegant brass-studded portals, and great private houses, such as the one that has long since become Petley's Inn, the legacy of a British colonel murdered, supposedly, by his lover. I prefer Hotel Peponi (it means "pleasant place" in Swahili), handy to a twelve-mile stretch of wide, high sand-duned beach on the Arabian Sea with not a swimmer—or a house—in sight. Air Kenya flies Nairobi-Mombasa-Lamu in about an hour.

GOA—India's west-coast island—bears the stamp of Portugal, its ruler from 1520 to 1961. Most of the islanders are Christian, and ornate churches still stand around Old Goa in the capital, Pangim. In the last decade, the exceptional golden beaches have lured hippies, migrating from their summer quarters in Katmandu, to spend the winter sleeping under stars. If India is your karma, the newest hotels are Fort Aguada—run by the Tata group, which owns Bombay's Taj Mahal—on Calangute Beach, and White Sands, with cottages on Cova Beach. Both are in New Goa, an hour's flight from Bombay.

Mitter Bedi

Fort Aguada Resort, Goa—"India's west-coast island bears the stamp of Portugal."

BALI—still Indonesia's (perhaps the world's) idyllic island—offers enchanting landscapes, Hindu temples, dance ceremonies, gamelan music, wood carvings and paintings, and people who dance, play music, and arrange flowers. The planes from abroad land directly at Denpasar, a scruffy capital. Most of the hotels are on Sanur Beach, by no means the island's best. Among them: Intercontinental's Bali Beach Hotel, Bali Hyatt, and the poetic garden-complex of Jimmy Pandy, who deals in the art displayed everywhere. The west-coast beaches, including Kuta, a hippie hangout, are breathtaking but, ironically, have no international-class hotels.

THE NILE—cradle of all of us—is strewn with awesome monuments along its banks, fascinating to anyone with an ancient soul. Begin, of course, in Cairo—putting up prefer-

A traveler who has been as far as unsunkissed Antarctica, Geri Trotta writes for New York, Travel and Leisure, *and other magazines.*

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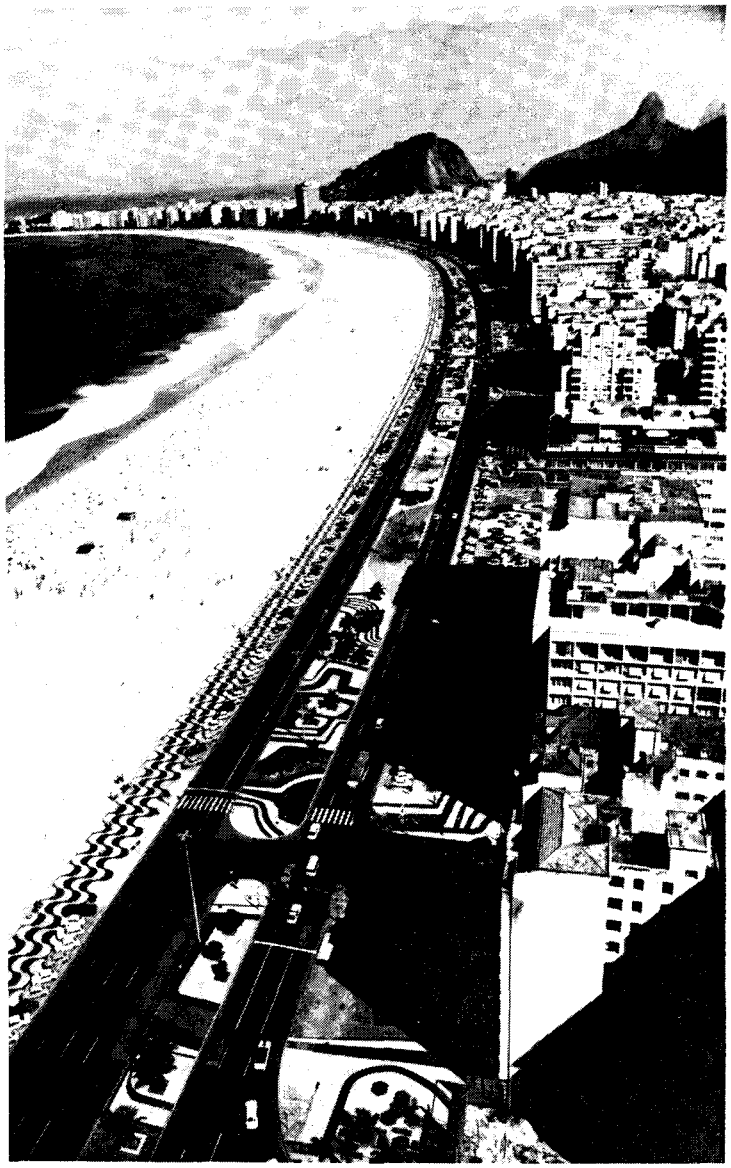

Varig Airlines Jonas Berger

Copacabana Beach, Rio—"frenetic, fascinating."

ably at The Hilton, The Sheraton, or Meridien—by seeing the pyramids and inscrutable Sphinx. Then fly to Luxor to stay at the Winter Palace and visit the gorgeous temples of Luxor, Karnak, and Philae (newly reclaimed from the river waters). From Luxor you can cruise leisurely, luxuriously up the Nile on either of The Hilton's sister ships, *The Isis* and *The Osiris*, a five-day, four-night trip to Aswan, takeoff point for the relocated temple of Abu Simbel. Egyptian weather is at its finest in winter—dry, cool, and sunny.

RIO DE JANEIRO—a frenetic, fascinating city, in one of the world's stupendous harbor settings—attracts sun seekers who can't stand resorts. Each of the endless roster of beaches —part of a 250-mile continuous strip ending south in Santos—has its own style: Copacabana with its black-and-white mosaic sidewalks and many hotels, including the new Othon Palace and Meridien, which accents its French connection in its restaurant and in Regine's nightclub; Ipanema, whose beauties in tiny-patch *tanga*, or string swimsuit, spark tunes like "The Girl from Ipanema"; little Vidigal with The Sheraton, Rio's only hotel smack on the beach; farther out, Gavea Beach, with Oscar Niemeyer's supercylinder Nacional Rio and Pan Am's humbler Inter-Continental. Aquamarine, tourmaline, garnet, beryl, and other semiprecious stones are available at multinational H. Stern; leather goods are sold on Leblon sidestreets. *Feijoada*, a Brazilian mix of rice, beans, and pork unmentionables, is served in offhand cafés; grilled sausages and steaks delight diners in *churrasco* restaurants; and continental fare is offered at Ouro Verde and the Jockey Club.

ELATH—under the lofty mountains of Edom—is Israel's southernmost port city, shipping wares to Africa and the Far East. On a long, skinny arm of the surfless Red Sea, it is becoming an international resort, too. Nine months of certified sunshine, coral sands, and crystalline waters. The prolific marine life can be viewed from an underwater observatory or, close up, through a diver's face mask. Cousteau says scuba diving here is about the best extant. Glass-bottom boats give the more timid a glimpse of the submerged glories, and amphibious cars drive passengers from the desert into the sea. The beachside hotels, most of them less than five years old, include Moriah-Elath, The Caesar, Ganei Shulamit, and, for more than a short stay, Laromme, down at Coral Beach, where the skin diving is exceptional. There is a Club Med, too. Eleven airlines have applied for charter rights, everybody from the Yugoslavs to the West Germans.

TORTOLA—half hour by plane from San Juan or fifteen minutes from the free port of St. Thomas—doesn't lock the doors of its houses. That says everything about its people. A tranquil, mountainous little Caribbean island, it's bypassed by cruise ships, for which much thanks. Long Bay and Sugar Mill Estate are sweet hotels on sensational white-sand beaches. Cane Garden Bay, probably the best of the strands, has no hotel, but Jill's, a snack bar, makes do. The new Tortola Yacht Club, open to non-members, is well equipped with small craft to hire by the day, week, or whatever. Peter Island is fun to visit or to use as a winter encampment even though it's a Noah's ark of newlyweds and is expensive.

THE GREAT BARRIER REEF—Australia's remarkable bonanza of some 600 coral islands, only sixteen with resort hotels—is strung across 1,250 miles. Dazzling white-sand beaches, a profusion of flowers, birds, butterflies, and especially marine life. Heron Island, among the best for snorkeling and scuba diving, is encircled by 1,100 species of fish, said to be the greatest variety in any area in the world. Dunk Isle's secluded hotel resembles a tropical village—a shelling beach by the sea and a rain forest in the greenery. Green Island's underwater observatory spies on the private lives of sea creatures. Planes, helicopters, and yachts knit the islands into a patchy maritime quilt.

OLD KEY WEST—best reached by Sunshine Airlines—is about a half-hour flight from Miami. Driving the 158 miles on U.S. Overseas Highway 1 can easily take four hours. The old town isn't more than sixteen blocks of small, white Bahamian-style houses along the sea. Put up at Pier House Hotel, with its own beach club and deep-sea fishing right on the gulf. An hour ride on the conch train will show you Audubon House, The Little White House, established by Truman, Hemingway's home, old pirate ships, giant turtle kraals, and the southernmost point of continental United States. Native-born citizens call themselves conchs, a word that

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implies the mix of Bahamian and Cuban cultures. (A wave of Cubans fleeing Castro recently arrived.) Conch food can be had at plain little Cuban restaurants, such as El Cacique or Fourth of July. In season The Red Shawl Ladies conduct tours of old conch houses, many lately restored. A languid, funky nightlife centers around The Monster and Sloppy Joe's, an erstwhile Hemingway hangout that displays his birth certificate or reasonable facsimile.

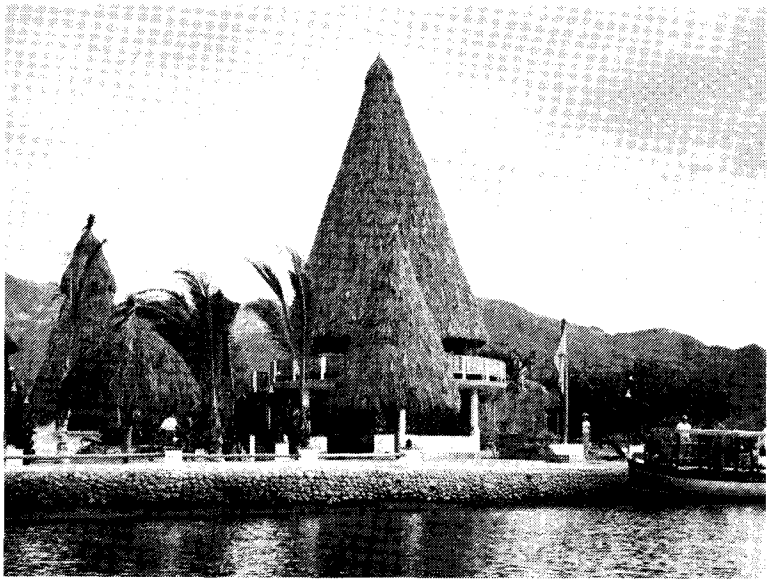
THAILAND RESORTS—an addition to the traditional sightseeing—are coming into their own. Pattaya, about a two-and-one-half-hour drive from Bangkok, is the most developed, with ten first-class hotels, including Royal Cliff Beach Hotel, Hyatt Pattaya Palace, Regent Pattaya, and the newest Holiday Inn Sand Hotel. It does have a pollution problem aggravated by concentrated living in the shop-houses, although the government is dealing with this difficulty. The problem can be somewhat avoided by visiting during the week instead of during the weekend. A better solution is to fly two hours south to Phuket, where the long, lazy beach is almost virgin. Phuket Island Resort has twenty-four modest bungalows on a hill. Besides swimming and lolling in the sun, you can take day trips by boat to nearby Phangnga Bay Islands, with their little fishing villages and fantastic rock formations. Bangkok itself can be muggy, but its air-conditioned top hotels, notably The Oriental, on the riverbank, and the Siam Intercontinental, on acres of garden, insulate guests from tropical discomfort.

PARADISE VALLEY, ARIZONA—an opulent part of Phoenix—supports two luxury hotels, Del Webb's Mountain Shadows, snuggled up against Camelback Mountain, and Marriott's Camelback Inn, across the street, cozying up to its own mountain. Both provide tennis courts, golf courses, and riding on fine Western horses through the spectacular desert with its palm trees and spring-blooming saguaro cactus. Tennis is off to a gallop here, too. Gardiner's Tennis Ranch is one of the plushest camps anywhere in the world. El Charro is a standby for steak, Garcia's Del Este is known for Mexican food, and Page Four, with a varied menu, serves diners in an old English library-like room.

ST. BARTHÉLEMY—Europe in the Caribbean—is unique among its islands. The population is 90 percent Caucasian, descendants of Normans, Bretons, Poitevins, and the Swedes, owners of St. Barts for a century. They kept no slaves. Gustavia, the capital, is named after the Swedish king who first proclaimed it a free port. It's a quiet, dreamy place to fish, cycle, snorkel, and swim. Eden Roc, a tiny hotel on a peninsula with great beaches on either side, will be upstaged later this month by the largest hotel on the island: St. Barth Beach Hotel, with all of thirty-six rooms on Baie de Cul-de-Sac. For pairs of congenial and/or swinging couples, Les Casfelets, owned by Justin Colin, president of American Ballet Theatre, has three duplex mountain villas.

MARRAKESH—an ocher-colored Moroccan oasis smothered by brilliant tropical flowers and shaded by palms—faces the Sahara Desert, for which it is an old caravan port, a cynical eleventh-century city where any appetite, however jaded, can be sated. With an ancient soul scarcely disguised by a veneer of twentieth-century sophistication, it supports one of the most satisfactory *suqs* in all Islam. Best shelters: the grand overripe Hotel Mamounia, with its Arabic rose and orange-grove garden, beloved by Sir Winston Churchill and other celebrated sybarites; and the modern Es Saadi, with its elegant gambling casino. Club Med has erected a Moorish palace here, instead of a tent, right in the Casbah. French cuisine is produced in La Petite Auberge, and Moroccan by a French self-styled *vieille fille* in her far-famed Maison Arabe, her private house.

HAITI—Africa in the Caribbean, where bright colors run riot—has handsome people who are spirited and outgoing, despite exploitation by dictators beginning with self-styled King Henri Christophe (prototype for *Emperor Jones*), who erected the astonishing Citadelle, his fortress at Cap Haïtien, to which you can fly. The present capital,



H.S.

Puerta Vallarta—"an Acapulco thirty years ago."

Port-au-Prince, provides vivid vignettes of a rich heritage reflected in a plethora of naive art for sale. The city has gambling, a quick-divorce mill, interesting French-flavored food at Chez Gérard, The Creole, or Cabanne Choucoune, and hotels that run the gamut from madcap Oloffson, through Haitian-run Sans Souci, to El Rancho, a sort of Miami South, and ambitious, stage-setty Habitation LeClerc, all with pools. Ibo Beach and Kyona are an hour's drive away.

PUERTO VALLARTA—an Acapulco thirty years ago in a less spectacular, albeit pretty, setting. Sprinkled with boutiques. Rouses itself into night action at discos and piano bars. The prevailing mood is raunchy free-for-all. Posada Vallarta sprawls, huge, along the Pacific. Smaller Camino Reál is a high rise fitted into its own lovely little cove. Smaller still, Garza Blanca is perched on white sand toward Mismaloya, the beach made famous long ago by Liz and Richard, who made *Night of the Iguana* here. Puerta Vallarta has cool nights in winter.

ACAPULCO—popular with the Spanish galleons sailing to the Philippines—was visited, some theorists say, by the Chinese. Its modern era began with the Hollywood

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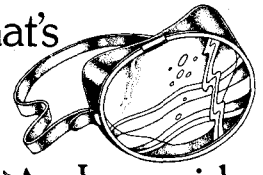
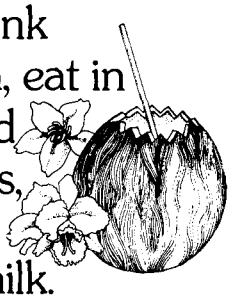
I love my side of Barbados because there isn't anything I want to do that I can't do there.

I can scuba dive in water that's clear as the air.



I can ride a horse on the beach or bet on one at the track.

I can drink island rum, eat in really good restaurants, sip fresh coconut milk.



And, best of all, my side of Barbados is right next to hers.

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yachtsmen who found it long before a road was hacked through the brush from Mexico City. The divers still leap from the cliffs at La Quebrada, alongside El Mirador, the pioneer hotel. But now Acapulco stretches clear up to the whopping Princess Hotel, one of the most handsome in the skein. In between, everything from Las Brisas, with its casetas and tub-sized pools, to a sea-level Marriott. Plenty of beach, reliable weather in winter, and a lively nightlife.

ST. LUCIA—a gem of the Windward Islands, in the Caribbean—offers an addictive blend of fine white-sand beaches, super sailing, and scenic grandeur with cone-shaped volcanic peaks and twin *pitons*. In its capital, Castries, nostalgic, white-tiled Rain is fun for lunch after shopping at Bagshaw's for local finery, Green Parrot, on Morne Fortune mount, and overpriced Coalpot for dinner. Splendid hotels include the new La Toc with a seaside section and a villa cluster—a favorite with families—on the ridge; and Steigenberger's Cariblue, noted for fine European food. Tiny Anse Chastanet, tucked with tennis court into its own tranquil cove, is serenely aloof.

PALM SPRINGS—a desert ringed by mountains—offers, besides flawless winter weather and the traditional spa for which it was named, more golf courses per square mile than probably any other place in the world. Probably more cinema people, too. Small hotels, lots of tennis, and a desert sun that sinks at teatime.

MACUTO BEACH—where the Andes come down to the Caribbean, about twenty miles from Caracas—is the most frequented in Venezuela because it's near the city and has a fabulous length of sugary white sand. The Macuto-Sheraton, a mammoth resort complex on its own 1,500-foot protected beachfront, is self-contained with every conceivable facility, including bowling alleys and a theater. The new 350-room Melia Caribe Hotel is opening next door, just east of The Sheraton, before Christmas.

HUAHINE—an unspoiled bucolic isle a short plane hop from Tahiti and my pet in French Polynesia—grows melons and the three-foot-long black-patent-leather vanilla bean, whose blossoms perfume the spring air. Fancy oceangoing yachts are moored near Bali Ha'i, which is just what a Pacific island hotel should be: a scattering of modified thatch-roofed *fares* along the beach and through a flower-fringed garden, threaded with trout-stocked streams. To the usual distractions can be added a day of visiting the *marae*, ancient sacrificial platforms, more abundant and better preserved than Moorea's are.

D. Beal/Australian Tourist Commission

Great Barrier Reef—bird bonanza.

HARBOUR ISLAND—a half-hour ferry ride from Eleuthera, in the Bahamas, and light-years from Nassau's brouhaha—is reminiscent of a miniature Bermuda the way it may have looked 100 years ago. Miles of pink sand sweep under the Caribbean cliffs on one side, dotted with a few small hotels—Pink Sands, Dunmore Beach Club, Runaway Hill, Coral Sands. On the other side a magnificent deep harbor cradles sailboats and yachts. Neat coral-block houses and rolling green hills lie between the beaches.

PALM BEACH—a reckless mix of old and new money, old and new names—has become a lively social-climbing scene of token sports and nonstop entertaining, a

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milieu preferred by geriatrics at play, along with their attendant heirs. Surviving Addison Mizner villas of the 1920s have been overtaken by modern houses and condominiums. Yet Palm Beach is still a pretty town—the gaze always on Worth Avenue, the place to meet (perhaps at La Petite Marmite) and shop for peacock plumage. The Colony and The Breakers, faced-lifted like everything else here, are still the places to stay, but diehards prefer Brazilian Court. Capriccio is the new be-seen-in restaurant, but Ta-boo and Peter Dinkel for late-night dining and disco still shine. Private clubs—Everglades, Bath & Tennis, Palm Beach Country Club, The Beach Club, Sailfish of Florida—are literally that: for members only.

MANZANILLO—a seedy Mexican colonial port—is famous among gringos for its sailfishing and for Las Hadas, a $30-million preserve for the overprivileged. A whitewashed village that appears more North African in design than Mexican, it never quite caught the international set, for which it was baited by Bolivian tin king, Antenor Patiño. Now a Princess Hotel, it offers posh villalike accommodations, golf, tennis, and a galaxy of in-house restaurants. Out-of-house, Manzanillo supports a few places worth a whirl —Los Equipales, a tavern with free lunch at the bar; Camerones Despierto, for seafood; El Dorado; and Red Snapper. Two major condominiums, Roca del Mar, right on the bay, and Vida del Mar, a cluster of apartment towers on the cliffs above the Pacific, rent cook-in flats. ◉

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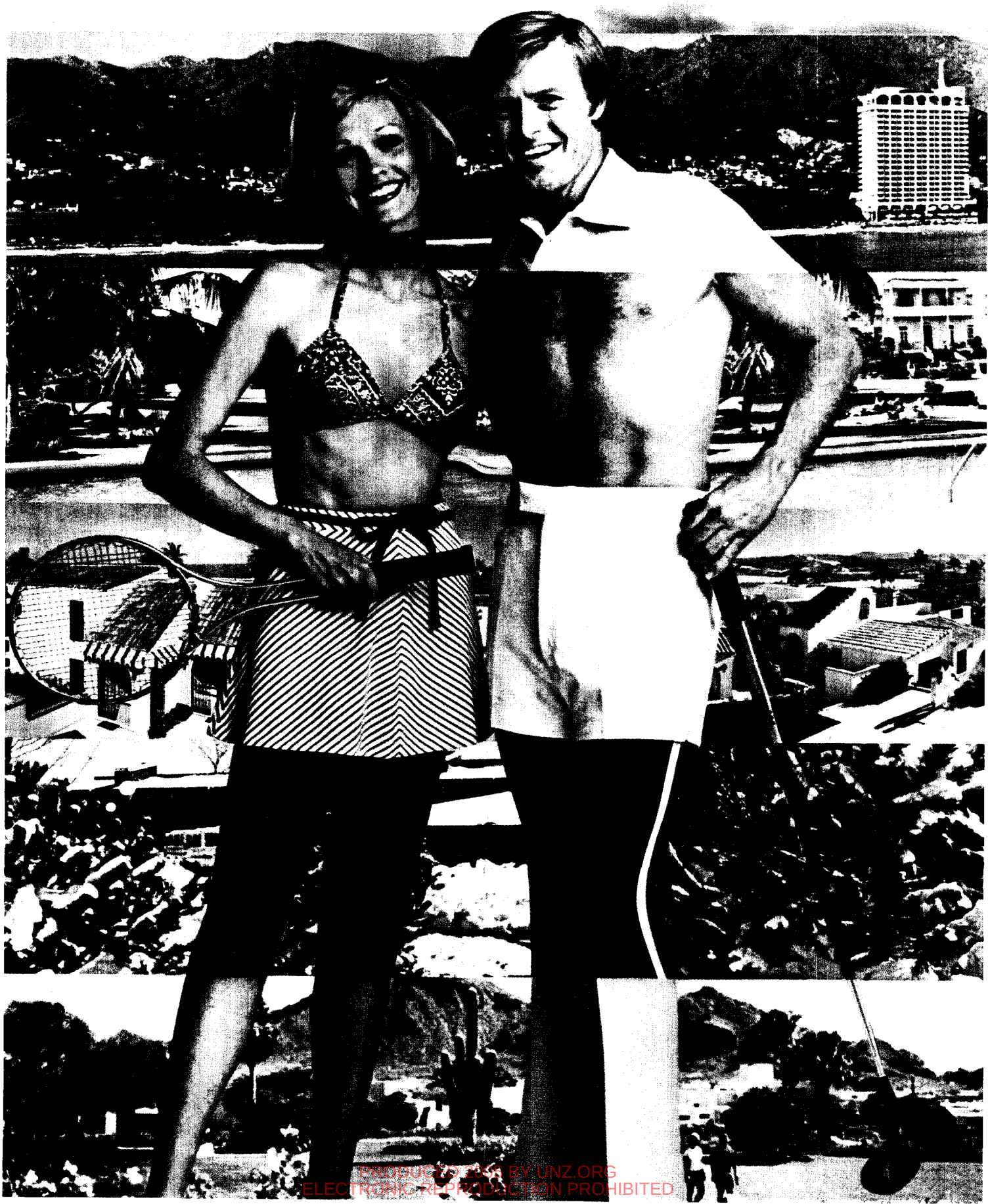

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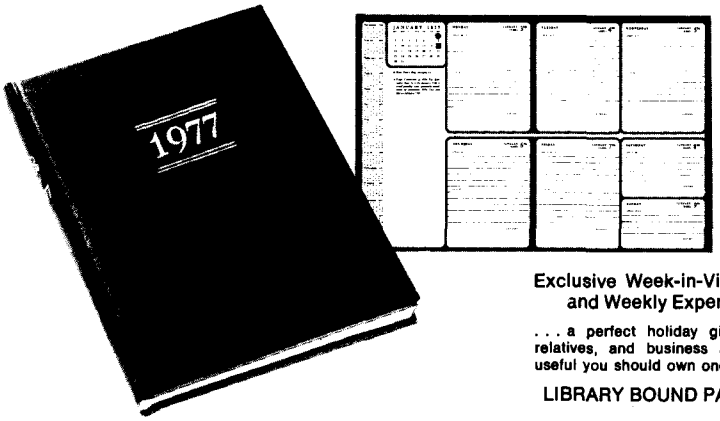

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His Beach, and Hers

by Judith and Neil Morgan

French West Indies Tourist Board

In pursuit of the impossible consensus on the world's greatest beaches, the editors asked the personal favorites of two widely traveled writers, Judith and Neil Morgan, who live facing a beautiful beach in La Jolla, Calif. These are excerpts from a conversation that followed.

N.M.: Caneel Bay on St. John in the Virgin Islands is the world's greatest beach. I keep going back and finding it better in every way than I remember.

J.M.: I like Trunk Bay on St. John even more because the reef is older and taller, and the snorkeling can be the best in the world. Besides, there's this stoplight parrot fish that has a thing for me.

N.: But you were terrified of the barracudas.

J.: When you grow up wading in the Arkansas River, it takes a while.

N.: When I was a kid in North Carolina, going to the seashore was a release from small-town life, yet not that different from the way New Yorkers feel about Martha's Vineyard or the Maine coast. I'd run up and down Wrightsville Beach like a colt and look out to sea and marvel at an empty horizon. Space. Freedom. Someplace dedicated to pleasure and indolence. And still that surf, threatening and alluring.

J.: I like a beach with character. I don't care if it roars or whispers as long as it tells me it's special. Water and shoreline are as important as sun. For me, the greatest beaches are on islands: St. John, Bermuda, Bora Bora, Gotland, and an uninhabited Mexican island named Coronados, in the Gulf of California off Loreto. But all for different reasons.

N.: There's a sense of seclusion and romance on even the most cluttered island, and it's a special joy on small ones. Kauai is my favorite in Hawaii. One week, I tried to circle Kauai on a bike, swimming a different beach each day and finally dropping by helicopter on the Na Pali coast below those sheer 3,000-foot cliffs. When you know every beach on an island, that island is yours.

J.: We laid claim to St. John that way one summer, at least to all we could see from our pink jeep, including villages named Calabash Boom and Johns Folly. Fortunately, most of the island is a national park, protected from pipe dreams like ours. And those deep drifts of sand at Trunk Bay, piling like talcum against sea-grape hedges! I remember stumbling and falling into sand that felt like face powder.

N.: Trademarks of the Laurance Rockefeller beaches at Caneel and Little Dix Bay, in the British Virgins, are hammocks and shade and thatch umbrellas with pennants you raise if you want a drink. You don't have to lie there burning on a spit unless you want to. The most romantic beach I know is The Baths, on Virgin Gorda, in the British Virgins, and it is also one of the two or three most photogenic. Palm trees and tumbled boulders the size of three-story buildings. They form grottos with sandy bottoms where the sea laps up to your waist, and you splash around in your own palace.

J.: When you go for bests, you must know what you want from a beach. Surfers know; they find it on the far end of Oahu and at steep California beaches, like Windansea, in La Jolla. Then there are those who throng Waikiki, which by traditional standards is one of the world's great beaches; they must enjoy company.

N.: If you simply want to go home with the deepest tan, you'll get it fast at any beach below the tropic of Cancer. Just keep going south. But for most people a beach is a combination of things they haven't entirely thought out. Resort life matters. Romance figures, whether it's palm trees and girls dancing the sexy *tamure* or meeting people and hoping to change your life, which is the urge that the Club Med group plays to so deftly.

J.: I go the other way. Privacy is a big factor. Seeing a beach at dawn or at dusk, not just in high-noon splendor. I feel possessive about old humpbacked Isla Coronados, in the Gulf of California. The long beach at Loreto, the old Baja California capital, is a fine one. But it's the gateway to a great one. We hired a skiff last spring and followed one of those butterfly-winged Guaymas shrimp boats out into the gulf. We circled Coronados before we went ashore. No one was there but an osprey, perched on a cordon cactus—the whole sight resembling a totem pole—and a colony of sea lions grumbling on the rocks. Coronados is shaped like a sting ray about two miles long, and the tail is a low spit with dazzling beaches and rocky crescents to shelter the sandy bottoms of the coves. It's owned by the Mexican government, but you can camp there if you bring your own water. The sea is as warm and clear as the Caribbean, but nobody's there because it's not listed anywhere and there's no resort.

N.: The range of great beaches within the United States is a phenomenon of geography. Postal zip codes give a clue. They start with 00 in the Virgin Islands. Out past Hawaii at Pago Pago, in American Samoa (the southwest outpost of America and its zip codes), it's ninety-six. The spell of that Pago Pago beach isn't exaggerated. One morning, in a burst of euphoria, I swam out past the ropes and was halfway across the bay before two native kids in an oil drum paddled over and asked if I wasn't scared. "Of what?" I asked. "Sharks," one said. "The tuna cannery over there really brings them humming in. That's why there's a rope back there." Real fast, I bummed a ride in their oil drum.

J.: I don't think we need to compete with the Europeans

Neil Morgan, columnist and travel editor of the San Diego Evening Tribune, *takes frequent trips with his wife, Judith Morgan, who writes "A Woman's World," a weekly column in* The Los Angeles Times *and* The Chicago Sun-Times.

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for their crowded Mediterranean. There are still empty spaces to discover. Some of my favorites are wild coves where the air is tangy and the main event is collecting, or at least picking things up and rubbing them gently and putting them down again: driftwood, seashells, stones streaked with agate. Beyond the medieval walls of Visby, on the sundown side of Gotland, in the Baltic, is a ruly stretch of polished pebbles backed with long grass. Strewn offshore in these cold, clear waters are small round boulders. Perched on each is a sea gull, as proud of his post as a chess piece. It's a bracing place to hunker and dream.

N.: I have a favorite spot Down Under. Milford Sound won't be a great beach to tan-seekers, but it's tucked away at the head of a haunting fjord on South Island, New Zealand, and it seems an event just to be there. It's a tramper's trail, a photographer's glory. For us it was private; we had it all to ourselves for two days in autumn.

J.: Going to that dollhouse post office to rent a mail box is the kind of mad thing people never understand unless they've fallen in love with a place and rather like each other, too. Letters forwarded from Milford Sound carry memories of cobalt days and silent nights.

N.: I think of Jim Michener that sunset on the edge of the lagoon on Bora Bora, his first time back after writing *Tales of the South Pacific*, and obviously in love with a place.

J.: Bora Bora has one of the beaches that serve as settings, as stages, and Mitch sat there staring out at the lagoon, misty-eyed, like one of his own characters. He was almost whispering, I remember: "I'm so glad to come back and find out I wasn't a damned liar!"

N.: The visitors who miss Tahiti's outer islands miss great beaches. The best thing about those black volcanic beaches in Tahiti is the conversation. Once I listened to a New York hotelman barter with a Papeete wood-carver. He wanted to buy thirty *tikis* for a new hotel. They agreed the first one would cost 2,000 francs, but the Tahitian said all the rest would be 3,000 francs each. The hotelman was baffled. "The first one," the Tahitian explained, "is fun."

J.: For a beach that feels good to my toes, I choose Bermuda, especially the beaches of Tucker's Town. There's a blush to the sand on this northernmost coral atoll, and it works like pink pumice when you walk or run barefoot. For people who don't insist on the hotter sun of the Caribbean, Bermuda beaches have it all.

N.: The collector's items among beaches in the next few years may be in Indonesia, with its 3,000 islands. When a beach nut flies above those islands for the first time, he is tempted to parachute. East of Bali, for 1,500 miles over to Irian Jaya, just south of the equator, there are thousands of superb beaches and no resort worth mentioning. They're just there, remote islands whose people may not have seen visitors for ten or twenty years. But their welcome is gentle; it begins with a dance. Banda is my idyllic island. It was one of the Spice Islands that lured the European seafarers westward and brought the discovery of America. The cinnamon trees still grow, and their sharp scent wafts around a few island freighters in Banda's exquisite harbor. Sometimes a lesser cruise ship peeks in. Otherwise you actually can't get there from here. But this won't last. Indonesian tourist officials are busy looking for dollars. Remember Banda. It's at about the same moment in its history that Tahiti was when Gauguin found it. What more can you ask of a beach? ◉

Bermuda News Bureau

Tucker's Town—"feels good to my toes."

The Beach Ballot

His

1. Caneel Bay, St. John, V.I. There are other perfect beaches, but this is the one whose support system includes a national park and a Laurance Rockefeller resort.
2. The Baths, Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands. Towering tumbles of boulders form natural sea grottos and enhance a perfect beach. Secluded, unspoiled, romantic.
3. Na Pali, Kauai, Hawaii. Fierce, dramatic, and almost inaccessible.
4. Banda, Indonesia. It wasn't just spice that led explorers to the East Indies. This island and its beaches are ready for rediscovery.
5. Milford Sound, South Island, New Zealand. The ultimate beach for gazers, trekkers, and photographers.

Hers

1. Trunk Bay, St. John, V.I. For talcum sand and rich reefs just steps from the shore, with a tiny cay as added treasure.
2. Bermuda. For anonymous arcs of blush-pink sand that feel better to bare feet than walking on a cloud, which was always tricky anyway.
3. Bora Bora. For its lagoon and outriggers and missionary hymns that tell of paradise, and in this setting who wouldn't believe?
4. Isla Coronados, off Loreto, Baja California, Mexico. For a wilderness splash, a comer that may take years to come while the Mexican government develops beach resorts elsewhere in Baja.
5. Visby, Gotland, Sweden. For those summer days when nothing will do but a pebbly shore and a medieval wall.

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Dave Maenza/FPG

The Suntanned Skier

The trick is to find a place where snow birds can roast while sliding; it's all downhill after that

by Frank Riley

For the suntanned or sunburned skier, the sun can be a consuming as well as a consummate mistress and lover—a classic love-hate relationship—all in the cycle of a day as well as of the season. Of an early morning, it takes away the chill, warms and cozens the flesh and spirit, softens the snow, turns a frozen and monochromatic world into a ballet of light and shadow, under evergreen trees and a sky of frosty blue. And then about ten o'clock, as the nose reddens and the snow melts, you'd just as soon have your playmate turn over and bundle under a cloud—not to reappear until the noontime break and perhaps for a final fling around three in the afternoon. In the longer cycle of the season, the sun of the northern hemisphere, which brought all the glow to the snow in January, begins with April to expose brown patches of earth while simultaneously beckoning with a new coyness from another world of winter, south of the equator.

I have been pursuing, and been pursued by, the winter sun, evading it or seeking it on ski slopes, ever since I put barrel staves on my boots to slither and tumble down Scott Street from my Polish grandparents' home on East Hill in Wausau, Wis., somehow always contriving to zing across the railroad tracks at the bottom of the hill well ahead of or just behind the trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific Railroad. Since my wife became converted to skiing in Southern California, the sun—for better or worse—has shared our ski adventures all over a travel writer's world. Here's a highly personalized guide to a sun circuit on skis during the coming season.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Skiing in the land of sun-worshipers is almost always to ski with cocoa butter and assorted suntan lotions. For us, the most dependable skiing here is usually in the San Bernardino Mountains, which form a triangle with our base camps at Manhattan Beach and Palm Springs. When we have a long weekend, we often leave the beach early Friday morning and drive for about two hours to Snow Valley, at an altitude of nearly 7,000 feet. After a day of skiing, we drive down the mountain in a leisurely way. Within an hour and a half we are in the pool at Palm Springs and ready for evening in the desert. It does give the Palm Springs Convention and Visitors Bureau a bit of a shudder, though, to get word of a VW wheeling along Palm Canyon Drive with a bristle of snow skis. Last winter we took to leaving our cross-country skis in Palm Springs. A twenty-minute ride up the tram leads to some lovely cross-country skiing, high above the world's greatest cluster of swimming pools, tennis courts, and golf courses.

SOUTHERN ARIZONA: Bring skis as well as tennis racquet and golf clubs on your next trip to the dude ranches around Tucson. Mt. Lemon, less than an hour from downtown Tucson, is the southernmost ski resort in the continental United States. You look down into Mexico from the summit. Six ski runs and a guaranteed suntan.

SOUTHERN NEVADA: "Strip and Ski" is catching on with winter visitors to Las Vegas. They bring along whatever is necessary to ski the sunny slopes of nearby Mt. Charleston during the day and then après-ski the Strip at night. Mt. Charleston is in Lee Canyon, only forty-seven miles from the Strip. You'll find bunnies from all the big shows tanning on the veranda of the lodge, which looks like Bavaria when it's hung with the icicles of early morning. But there's nothing bunny about the slopes. The chair lift rises 1,000 vertical feet, with an overall length of 3,000 feet. A variety of descents challenge the expert as well as the intermediate skier. The sun deck is at 8,150 feet. The top of the runs reaches 9,520 feet, high enough to hold powder. Altogether a rare combination of slats, slots, showgirls, snow, and sun.

HIGH AND NOT-SO-HIGH SIERRAS: After all our seasons at Mammoth, this last was the first with more sun than snow. The gods of long-ago Indian tribes are being wooed to bring about a better balance of nature during the upcoming season. We hope again for that splendid combination: sunny days cooled by a wind off the cornice; evenings with a pow-

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A frequent contributor to SR, *Frank Riley lives in California, writes for* Los Angeles *magazine as well as a weekly account of his travels for Western newspapers.*

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dering of new snow as we sit out under the trees in that redwood tub of hot water at Pine Cliff, a small discovery of ours that has only five chalets. The water in the tub is generally right around 104 degrees. By keeping our faces just out of the water, we can stretch out in lazy warmth while snow covers the mountains as well as our hair, creating a trackless wonderland for that first run of the next morning. When it's time to climb reluctantly out of the redwood tub, we can run through the new snow toward the stone fireplace in our chalet without feeling more than a pleasant tingle. . . . And Yosemite, even amid some of the environmental concern generated when MCA became a national-park concessioner, will again be one of the world's most unforgettable winter holidays, where you can be sure that the sun will light up the face of El Capitán as well as your own. . . . Alex Cushing has now spent at least $3 million upgrading his Squaw Valley, site of the 1960 Winter Olympics and weekend host to the Olympic torch this past winter as it traveled from Japan to Innsbruck. The new facilities enhance the setting of a Squaw Valley that is also a sun valley.

THE ROCKIES AND THEREABOUTS: For the past two winters of a Ford in the White House, it's become an established cliché of journalism to report that a "tanned and rested" President returned from his Christmas ski holiday at Vail. Early last season, it looked as though the Rockies on both sides of the Continental Divide would have more sun than snow to offer any visiting skier. But by the end of the season all major resorts had pretty much collected a normal pack. . . . Sun Valley, earliest and most durable of all Western snow resorts, lived up to its name for both the winter and summer of its fortieth-anniversary year. . . . Fanny Hill may have always seemed above the aspirations of most skiers, but Ernie Blake has made Fanny's gentle contours available to the beginning skier—who now can share the sun and snow of Taos, N.Mex., with the experts.

INNSBRUCK: Now that the 1976 winter Olympics are in the record books, this international ski spa and the Tyrolean villages around it are once again available for the peaceful enjoyment of sun and snow. No longer will you have to be prepared to book for two weeks in order to get a cozy chalet reasonably close to the slopes. Nor will you have to shoulder with such a crowd to get into a snug *Weinstube* paneled in wood the color of ruby-red wine, matching your ruby-red nose. . . . And while you're anywhere near Alpine skiing, you really can't afford not to spend another week or two at Club Med St. Moritz—for about $300 per week. The price includes accommodations, three meals per day, unlimited wines for lunch and dinner, ski lifts plus two hours' instruction a day, and the always-amiable sight of bare-breasted French girls tanning in the noonday sun. . . . Remember also that the Black Forest does turn white in the winter; on a sunny day its low-altitude slopes are unbelievably mellow. While sunbathing on a sheltered balcony at the health spa of Hochenschwand, in lonely grandeur on its own mountain, you can watch the skiing and tobogganing or time the pace of a passing sleigh by listening to the rhythm of the horse's hooves.

ZAKOPANE: Nowhere else in the skier's world will you find more dedicated sun-worshiping than at a Polish spa. The long winters of Middle Europe make every appearance of the sun more important than the discovery of a new planet in the solar system. A mountain can be a beehive of skiers twisting, gliding, falling, and snowplowing in all directions—until the sun comes onstage through the cloud cover. Then instantly the slope around you is a still life. All faces lift to the sun; eyes close rapturously. Skiing doesn't start until the clouds close in again.

SLOVAKIA: No true Slovak will admit the priority of a Czech prefix—it would be like a San Franciscan admitting that under certain remote circumstances Los Angeles might also be called The City. But contemporary geopolitics do place Stary Smokovec in the High Tatras of eastern Czechoslovakia. When we first came here to ski in 1965, the area was beginning to emerge as the sunniest and swingingest winter resort in Eastern Europe. My ski colleague was an East German doctor burned beet-red to the roots of his hair. Then came the freeze of 1968, when Soviet troops took over the Dubček government. By 1970 new hotels were being built around the grand old Smokovec to accommodate the FIS Nordic Championship.

VOSS: After thirty-five winters, Hellum—the porter at Fleischer's historic mountain hostelry, above the Hardanger Fjord, between Oslo and Bergen—has finally retired. It was something to be met by him as you stepped down from the train to the snow-powdered platform of this small town, virtually in front of the hotel. The day took on a special sparkle when he received you as he had welcomed kings, crown princes, and commoners for so many years. You knew that you would be skiing in that marvelous pale sunlight of a frosty Nordic day. The winter sun isn't up long this far north, and you treasure it all the more. It's part of Hellum's legacy to the next generation of skiers.

SKIING WITH THE GODS: Although most of the ski world hasn't yet tuned in to Greece, the country really does have more mountains than beaches—more than 80 percent of the surface area is mountainous. And skiing this far south in Europe is to ski with the sun as well as with the gods. On Mt. Olympus and Mt. Parnassus, skiing is often possible until May—when German tourists are beginning to people Grecian beaches. From January to the middle of March,

Sunny winters in the West—"cozens the flesh."

United Air Lines

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snow is dependable above 5,000 feet. Parnassus is scarcely 100 miles from Athens. En route you can consult the oracle of Delphi on the southern slopes of the great mountain.

SCHUSSING WITH THE SHAH: You can't ski much farther south in the Middle East than the sunny slopes near Tehran, which the shah would like to make—among other things—the ski mecca of the Moslem world. This is no oil-pipe dream; high mountains from 6,000 to 18,000 feet do create the possibility of a Little Switzerland of the Middle East. The winter sky is brilliant with blues, from turquoise to lapis lazuli. The shah inspired the building of a posh private ski club at Shemshak, north of Tehran, but we—along with most of our Tehranian ski friends—prefer Ab-Ali, where the shah and his family also have a private slope. You're just as likely to see them, though, on the public slopes. And it does add a uniqueness to a ski holiday to see the royal bodyguards, looking like Detroit plainclothesmen, standing ankle deep in the snow and sweating profusely while the imperial family disports itself.

POWDER IN PORTILLO: At two miles high in the Andes, Portillo seems serenely above both the military junta of Chile and the turmoil across the nearby border of Argentina. From the middle of June through most of September, Portillo is the mecca of the ski world.

CRACKENBACK COUNTRY: Thredbo Village, on Crackenback River, in Australia's Snowy Mountains, isn't so world famous as Portillo, but it's more than ready for discovery. Thredbo awaits you in its aerie on the ledge of an isolated mountain valley, an Alpine cluster of mod Bavaria in the southern hemisphere, ready to bloom with the sun and snow of June. The ski school is usually built around a dozen Austrians, supplemented by refugees from summer at Mammoth and Vail. When they add the winter sun of June through September to tans imported from the northern hemisphere, the results simply are not to be believed. Three double chair lifts start in front of your window, and twenty-five miles of downhill runs end at your door. The slopes can't be crowded because there are fewer than 2,000 beds for visitors in the entire village. Your sunburn will glow all the brighter after you visit the Tom Groggin room and enjoy a buffet of Indian curry, Australian roast beef, fresh lobster, Black Forest cake, and apple strudel with whipped cream. ◉

Healer and Hazard

WHAT is so healing as a lovely vacation in the sun? Everyone tells you how healthy you look with that great, glowing tan. And you genuinely *feel* that glow of health. But the sense of well-being derives not so much from the sun itself as from the whole ambience of where you've been—not to mention what you've been *away from*: home and job, with their daily pressures and responsibilities. You've been, instead, with the sand and sea and the salt spray over the boat's edge or on the brilliant snowy slopes. You have perhaps reveled in both the languor and the vigor that come with loafing on the beach, swimming, sailing, snorkeling, skiing—or dancing the night away long after the sun is gone.

The sun does, of course, have direct beneficial effects. As one important example, it helps the body produce its vitamin D; and the job can*not* be done, as was once believed, by the artificial "sunshine vitamin D" (which has a slightly different chemical structure) added to "fortified" foods. Vitamin D helps the body utilize calcium and phosphorus, thus preventing the demineralization of bone that might otherwise occur—even with adequate amounts of those substances in the diet. The sun is also good for certain skin diseases, such as psoriasis. Moreover, just getting outdoors, so that your eyes can take in the full spectrum of visible light, has benefits that are only now beginning to be understood.

If all you see is artificial indoor light or natural light coming through a closed window, some of the light you need is cut off. Light entering the eye has a triggering effect on the tiny structure in the skull—just above and between the eyes—known as the pineal body. The pineal secretes a hormone that has a chain-reacting effect on other hormones that regulate some of the body's important cycles—the sleep and reproductive cycles, for instance. These processes are still not fully understood, but some exposure to outdoor natural light virtually every day of the year seems to be good advice.

This does not, of course, mean you should look directly into the sun and damage your eyes or remain in the sun for long periods of time without protective sunglasses (though they're not necessary for short periods), preferably dark gray or brown in color and preferably with polarized lenses. Nor does it mean *over*exposing your skin to the sun—especially the tropical sun and especially during the midday hours (say, from 10:00 A.M. to 2:00 P.M.). It's foolish to get sunburned when there are so many ways to prevent it. Once you're severely burned (and if it's severe enough, you should see a doctor), there are many ways to soothe or ease the pain temporarily, but no way to cure it other than to wait it out.

Anybody can burn, including black people. Even after you have a coat of tan and aren't visibly burning, long and indiscriminate exposure to the sun without protection can still be damaging. If you do this season after season, year after year, the damage can accumulate so that by middle age your skin can acquire a tough, leathery quality—and you may run a real risk of skin cancer. Fair-skinned people should, of course, be especially careful and sensible. If you haven't been out in the sun for a while, go easy—only a little bit each day at the start. There are plenty of suntanning and sunscreening creams and lotions and oils to pick from (though mere lubricants, such as baby oil or mineral oil, offer no real protection). Read the labels carefully, and be sure you're getting the degree of protection you need.

One last precaution: some drugs can make your skin especially vulnerable to sunburn. Ask your doctor if this is true of any of the drugs he may be prescribing. He can sometimes switch drugs; or, if not, he can advise you of the degree of hazard and what protective measures you should take.

—GAIL MCBRIDE

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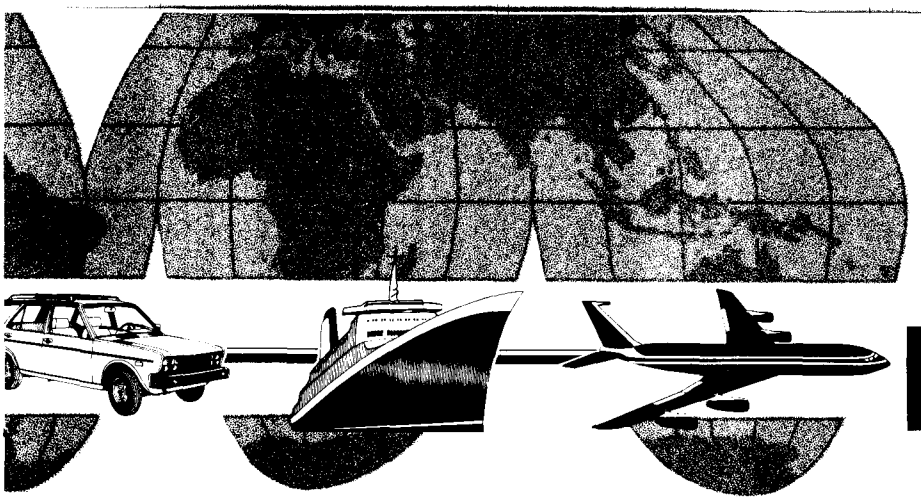

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Magical History Tour

Terra Nostra
by Carlos Fuentes
Translated by Margaret Sayers Peden
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 800 pp., $15

Reviewed by Robert Maurer

CARLOS FUENTES, without doubt one of Mexico's two or three greatest novelists, has been scolded by some critics of his last books as if he were a naughty boy who could grow up *número uno* if only he would behave. These critics would have Fuentes abandon his increasingly heavy use of symbol and myth, avoid explicit sex, try to write comprehensibly, and return to the complex but nevertheless understandable documentary techniques of his early successes about Mexican character and history, *Where the Air Is Clear* (1958) and *The Death of Artemio Cruz* (1962). But it is obvious from statements Fuentes has made in recent interviews that he has written the novels he had to write, not those his critics might prefer.

If anything, Fuentes develops his fictional strategies in still more dazzling ways in *Terra Nostra*, his most ambitious and successful gambit for stature, and his position stiffens. A huge, sprawling, exuberant, mysterious, almost unimaginably dense work of 800 pages, covering events on three continents from the creation of man in Genesis to the dawn of the twenty-first century, *Terra Nostra* presents a common reader with enormous problems simply of understanding what is going on, particularly in its first 200 or so pages. Knottier problems of interpretation could occupy scholars of Latin American literature nicely for years. It seems unlikely, therefore, that the critical scolding will stop now. Indeed, Fuentes seems to invite it. "Every narrator," he has one character in *Terra Nostra* say, "reserves to himself the privilege of not clarifying mysteries, so that they remain mysteries; and who is not pleased, let him demand his money."

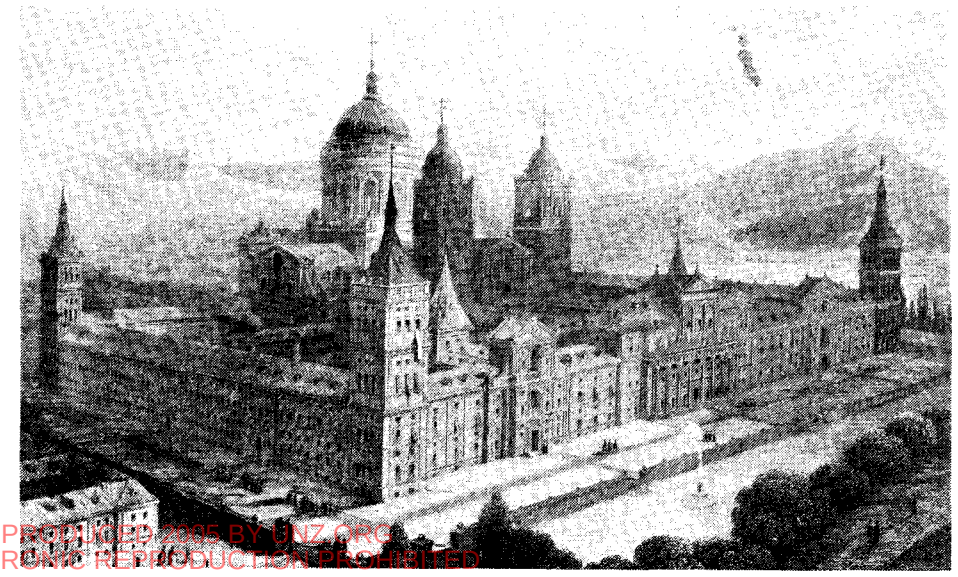
Still, as a few commentators have noticed, the growth of Carlos Fuentes as a novelist has been the logical, perhaps even the predictable outcome of his first collection of short stories, *The Masked Days*, published in 1954. Even then he was blending the sometimes disparate elements of imagined characters, real events, the dubious record of history, the enlargements of legend, and variants of universal myths into what came to be called "magical realism." "One travels around with one's ghosts and obsessions forever," Fuentes told an interviewer in 1972, "with respect to identity, to the simultaneity of time, the mythical organism, the absolute presence of the myth. These tendencies are unavoidable in anything I write."

Perhaps the term to apply to Fuentes's new work is "magical history." For if there is any legitimate ground for complaint about his last three novels—*Sacred Zone* (1966), *Change of Skin* (1967), and *Cumpleaños* (1969)—it is that their subjects seem either too realistic or too inconsequential to bear the symbolic significance Fuentes loads upon them. *Sacred Zone* weaves a complicated net of Grecian mythological parallels about a story of an aged Mexican movie actress and her empty, dissipated son, whose nickname is the diminutive Mito, Spanish for "myth." The strain upon credibility is considerable.

In contrast, Fuentes chooses a regal figure at a focal moment in history for his central subject in *Terra Nostra*. The moment occurs in the middle of the sixteenth century, when Philip II, El Señor, King of Spain, began construction on the Escorial, that fortresslike necropolis, north of Madrid, in which he eventually buried the relocated remains of all his country's Hapsburg royalty since Charles V. Cervantes, in what must be one of the first encounters in a novel of the real with the purely imagined, has Don Quixote stumble upon one of Philip's strange funeral processions then actually criss-

Philip II, above, began construction on the Escorial, below, where many of Spain's Hapsburg royalty are buried.

Illustrations: Bettmann Archive



Robert Maurer, former chairman of the English Department at Antioch, is now teaching in Buenos Aires.

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crossing Spain toward the crypts of the Escorial. It is still a question as to which man, the King or the Knight of the Doleful Countenance, was more dedicated to a world already dead and which was less able to distinguish between truth and hallucination.

This Don Quixote episode does not occur in *Terra Nostra*, though it might have, since both Quixote and Philip II are among its multitude of characters, and Philip is a key one. Fuentes at points seems to mimic the twilight zone of madness, as well as the themes, of Cervantes. Philip II, acting out of profound guilt, a syphilitic inheritance, and an obsessive Iberian religiosity, decides not to propagate an heir. He wills that his own death and burial in the Escorial must coincide with the demise of Terra Nostra—the Spanish Empire—and hence of the greater part of the Western world. Since he has seen no written record about the discovery of a new land to the west—and to him only what is written is true—Philip denies its existence. In an exercise of imperial prerogative, he decrees that time must have a stop. Only the dead shall endure.

Terra Nostra begins and ends with episodes projected beyond our time, to the year 1999, when a new era is about to be born, and moves from there into a three-part divison: "The Old World," in which Philip lives; "The New World"—the land of the Indian gods Quetzalcoatl, god of good and light; and Tezcatilpoca, champion of evil and darkness—which was opened up by explorers and Europe's oppressed; and "The Next World," which lives only in Fuentes's imagination. But it is Philip II's moment to which Fuentes keeps returning, perhaps because it is richest in the kinds of oppositions that have always saturated his novels: between the dead and the living, the privileged rich and the suffering poor, spirit and materialism, love and sterility, the known and the yet unexplored, stagnation and change. Unfortunately for Philip, as *Terra Nostra* unfolds, his central moment, distinct from but also simultaneous with all other moments, stretches backward in time to a biblical wanderer named Ishmael and on up to a later wanderer named Columbus, and juts forward from the conquests of the Indian lands by the Spanish conquistadors to an invasion of Mexico by the United States set in 1999.

But any lineal description of *Terra Nostra* falsifies. "Magical" must precede the word "history." Fuentes's vision is not at all simply a fictionalized version of past events but, rather, an independent story—"fable" is his own word for it—resembling nothing except itself. History, art, and literature (particularly three seminal Spanish works, *Don Quixote*, *Don Juan*, and *La Celestina*) are employed as still other parts of experience to be altered and molded in the interest of new fictions. Probable or verifiable truth in *Terra Nostra* gives way to thought, meaning, and, above all, movement.

Hence, Philip's Queen in *Terra Nostra* is not Catholic Mary Tudor, as was actually the case, but her half sister Elizabeth I of Protestant Merrie England, vital, lusty, stunned by her husband's sexual avoidance of her. Historical and literary fantasy mix when Elizabeth takes Don Juan as one of her lovers and when he in turn serves as one of the three imagined illegitimate sons of Philip's father, Philip the Fair. All three of the sons are born with bloodred crosses between their shoulders and with six toes, "the privilege of those destined to renew their family bloodlines." Characters merge one into the other, or they die, only to be reborn in another part of the fable. Events end, then are repeated with variations later on. Points of view, always one of Fuentes's favorite devices for multiplying perspectives, shift rapidly with each of scores of short chapters and sometimes in the middle of a paragraph or a sentence. Characters sleep and we read their dreams. Learned men lecture on numerology, memory, why Christ really was crucified, the American Indian's version of creation. The Grand Inquisitor is a character alongside Generalissimo Franco, John the Baptist, Jean Valjean, and Hieronymus Bosch.

Little wonder, therefore, if a reader moving for the first time through this marvelous world of mirrors finds no coherent framework to latch on to. *Terra Nostra*, in fact, resembles nothing so much as an enormous Hieronymus Bosch collage in words—multitudinous, encyclopedic, rhapsodic, surrealistic, grotesque, and utterly terrifying in more spots than one might wish, largely because Fuentes, like Bosch, sees men of every age as barbaric wherever the veneer of civilization is even slightly scratched. "History repeated itself," Fuentes writes at the penultimate point of the novel. "History was the same, its axis the necropolis, its root madness, its result crime, its salvation a few beautiful buildings and a few elusive words. History was the same: tragedy then and farce now, farce first and then tragedy, you no longer know. . . ." The novel is a description, a protest, and even an affirma-

"These days you have to pay a vambrace and a cuisse for a good suit of armor."

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tion. The last moment in *Terra Nostra* is a scene of lovemaking, without sin, with pleasure, with promises of generation, and with the lovers awakening to the sun on the first day in the year 2000.

Fuentes has said about the state of the novel that it is not dead, but at a point of crisis. Like Philip II, a novelist may choose to remain where he has been or to move forward and thus extend the possibilities not just of the novel but of life itself. Up to now it has not been difficult to see in Fuentes's work the influence of writers whose explorations he admired: Faulkner, Dos Passos, Joyce, Lawrence, Lowry, others. What one senses in *Terra Nostra* most is his reaching out for a direction and a voice of his own. As might be expected in a work so long, Fuentes nods, and his language then falls into a kind of romantic bombast or into an overly learned mumbo jumbo that stops the drama of his action. Such moments are rare. When he is successful in his reach, his speech rhythms and tones (extremely well translated by Margaret Sayers Peden) are like cathedral music, organ and chorus combined, stately and moving, with amazing powers to sustain intensity.

For better or worse, Fuentes cannot now turn backward. One suspects that, like the character of the Chronicler who appears in *Terra Nostra*, Fuentes now finds that his very existence depends upon fictions that are new and alive. "Because this fictitious reality is the only possibility for being," the Chronicler says, "for ceasing merely to exist, one must struggle boldly, to the point of sacrifice, to the death, as great heroes and the implausible knights-errant struggled, so that others may believe in it, so that one may tell the world: this is my reality, the only true and unique reality, the reality of my words and their creations." ◉

Wit Twister No. 83

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 61.

She — — — — — — — — the carpets, swept the halls
And aired the — — — — — — — —, washed the walls,
But stopped with half the house uncleaned
When total — — — — — — — — intervened.

A. S.

Books

Edging Toward War

Roosevelt and Churchill, 1939–1941: The Partnership That Saved the West
by Joseph P. Lash
Norton, 528 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by James Chace

"You'd have thought he was being carried up into the heavens to meet God." So said Harry Hopkins of Winston Churchill on the eve of the prime minister's first meeting with FDR. An even more apt assessment might have described Churchill as a lascivious bridegroom on his way to the altar after courting that disingenuous American President who had so long eluded his embrace. Courtship certainly threads through Joseph Lash's narrative of those heady years from 1939 to 1941, when Roosevelt and Churchill were linked in a compact to fight fascism. By now World War II is beginning to recede into Homeric mythology.

Though the basic myths of that era have retained their validity, a good deal of new material has come to light that may help us understand better the nature of the postwar world and the landscape we are condemned to inhabit. Access to the Roosevelt-Churchill correspondence, and especially to the war-years files of the British Foreign Office and War Cabinet, has given us a new look at the Anglo-American alliance. This is particularly valuable in Roosevelt's case, for the President was much given to secrecy, manipulation, and maneuver. He kept no diary, wrote no memoirs, had no conversations recorded. But others did keep diaries, especially the British, who often kept records of conversations between FDR and Churchill. What emerges from this new reading of history is a somewhat different Roosevelt, a man

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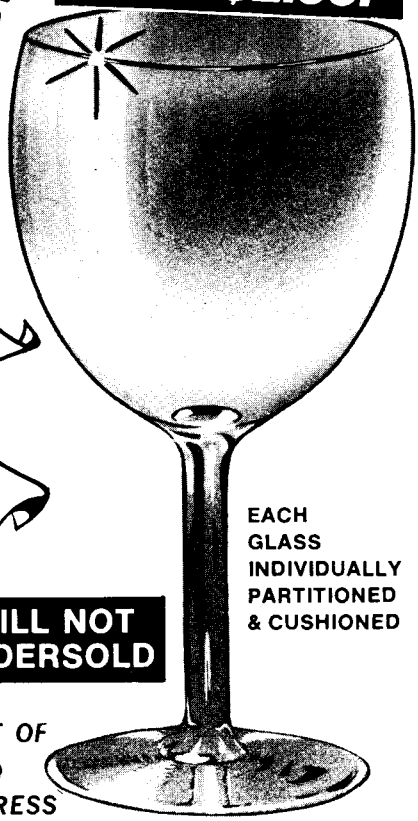

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whose idealism was tempered by a keen appreciation of power politics. He appears to have been a man fully aware of America's national interest, a leader who had no intention of surrendering to Britain any shred of what he believed was the rightful United States sphere of influence—one that came to extend beyond the Caribbean to include, by 1941, the whole of the western hemisphere as far east as the Azores.

Through focusing on the courtship days of the Atlantic Alliance, Lash reveals a good deal of this thinking. Unfortunately, the important themes of the book—FDR's assertion of executive power, his global ambitions, and Churchill's plan for an Anglo-American partnership—are buried in the minutiae of detail. Perhaps it is asking too much of an author of a book so rich in anecdotes and revealing conversations to have developed his barely articulated themes more forcefully. Beyond the romance of "the partnership that saved the West" was the equally important relationship between a nation in decline and a nation in ascent. Churchill's forceful personality masked the weakness of Britain; he was indispensable to Britain and the West in the dark days of 1940, and it was easy for anyone, Roosevelt included, to equate his tenacity with Britain's basic power.

If Roosevelt and Churchill were similarly concerned with stemming Nazi aggression, their problems during this period were manifestly different. For Churchill it was vital to get the United States into the war as a co-belligerent. He was impatient with and not particularly sympathetic to Roosevelt's problems with obtaining congressional approval for any form of American involvement in the war. In fact, FDR moved swiftly to aid Britain as much as possible. He exchanged overage American destroyers for United States rights to British bases in the western hemisphere; it was a deal that the British had to accept and one clearly to the advantage of the Americans. Later, Lend-Lease would be explained to the American people by FDR's ingenious "garden hose" analogy. As he explained it at a press conference (and no one has manipulated journalists so perfectly as FDR did), " 'Suppose my neighbor's home catches fire and I have got a length of garden hose and I connect it up with his hydrant. I may help him put out his fire. . . . I don't say to him before that operation, "Neighbor, my garden hose cost me $15.00, you have got to pay $15.00 for it." I don't want $15.00 —I want my garden hose back after the fire is over.' "

And so, step by step, FDR moved closer to assisting Britain openly. But to do so meant circumventing congressional restrictions in order to avoid further outbursts of isolationist sentiment. By 1941 the United States was patrolling the Atlantic and organizing the U.S. Navy Hemisphere Defense Patrol, having declared the western hemisphere a neutral zone. In the fall of 1941 there was a virtually undeclared war in the Atlantic, for America proposed to deny to the Axis almost three-quarters of the ocean. Under such circumstances a clash between United States and German forces was almost inevitable, as can be seen in the *Greer* episode. According to Lash, Roosevelt claimed that the American destroyer *Greer* had been attacked by a German submarine in the vicinity of Iceland and, as a result, " 'American naval vessels and American planes will no longer wait until Axis submarines lurking under the water, or Axis raiders on the surface of the sea, strike their deadly blow—first.' " Thenceforth, the American navy would shoot on sight. But an investigation by the Senate Naval Committee showed that FDR had distorted the facts. Actually, a British pilot had alerted the *Greer* to a submarine that lay ten miles ahead, and it was only after the British pilot dropped a depth charge near the U-boat and returned to his base that the U-boat launched its first torpedo at the American ship. Then the *Greer* attacked with depth charges, to which the U-boat responded with another torpedo before slipping away. Such were the measures taken without legislative check.

None of this means that FDR schemed to provoke open war with Germany or Japan. What it does show is the lengths to which the Executive would go—short of a declaration of war—to implement policies he alone deemed vital to the national interest. Churchill wrote at the time: "[Roosevelt] went so far as to say to me, 'I shall never declare a war. I shall make war.' " For Roosevelt, as for Churchill, the Anglo-American alliance was the cornerstone of a postwar, as well as of a wartime, policy. At their initial meeting, off Newfoundland in 1941, when the Atlantic Charter was being promulgated, Roosevelt envisaged two stages in postwar planning. In the first, the United States and Britain would police the world. In the second, genuine disarmament would become universal. Of course, there might be no second stage. If this were to happen, then military power would simply have to be concentrated in British and American hands. According to Lash's account, this was made quite explicit by Roosevelt a few days after his rendezvous with Churchill. Later, Roosevelt expanded his "police force" by two—the Soviet Union and China. But doubtless the immediate postwar problems would have returned him to his initial concept.

The central fault in this schema was the misperception Roosevelt and Churchill shared over the nature of British power. No one foresaw how weak Britain would prove to be after the war. By basing its policies on the special Anglo-American relationship, Britain grievously misjudged where its future would lie. It was with Europe, not with America, that Britain should have teamed itself. Instead, London spurned European initiatives again and again, and Europe, to its detriment, had to be reconstructed without Britain. And when Britain finally was admitted to the European community, it was a nation whose economic prowess was inferior to that of West Germany and France. Had Britain refused to cling to this "special relationship," it might have been the leader of Europe, the animating force of a new power that would have stood as a near equal of the United States and the Soviet Union in the global balance of power.

To have foreseen this is to ask too much of Churchill. He was not a visionary. He was, instead, the demi-Atlas of the Western world at a decisive moment in history. But in the seeds of his courtship with Roosevelt were the fruits of a mistaken British policy that lasted for a quarter century after the war. For Roosevelt this was the beginning of America's global engagement—a commitment that is with us still. ◉

James Chace is managing editor of Foreign Affairs *and the author of* A World Elsewhere: The New American Foreign Policy.

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 109

William Saroyan:
Sons Come and Go
(Mothers Hang in Forever)

I even had patent-leather loafing slippers, a silk lounging robe, and the very best clothes and shoes. The only reason I didn't have money lying around all over the place was because I had been informed . . . that it was bad manners.

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The Divine Miss D

Lovers and Tyrants
By Francine du Plessix Gray
Simon & Schuster, 209 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Sara Sanborn

"If a lady can't say something nice," my mother used to tell me, "she shouldn't say anything at all." To hear the daughters tell it now, we've been strangling for generations on that mush in our mouths and at last are spitting it out. Every woman has one good story in her and seems increasingly bound to tell it to an increasingly avid audience. Francine du Plessix Gray has told hers (I presume the book is partly autobiographical) in *Lovers and Tyrants*, her first novel.

Gray is a distinguished reporter and essayist whose articles for *The New Yorker*, the *New York Review of Books*, and *Vogue* are especially notable for their transparency of style. In her nonfiction Gray has mastered the gracious art of never standing in her subject's light. One of her previous books, *Divine Disobedience* (1970), is an important, and adulatory, study of the new Catholic radicals (chiefly the Berrigan brothers and Ivan Illich). In it Gray adopts not only her subjects' views but also their superior moral tone so faithfully as to foreshadow the theme of this novel: the perpetual seduction of women by those who will offer tenderness and authority, the feminine materials of feminine transcendence. Stephanie, the heroine of the novel, muses, "I shall never cease to marvel at the way we beg for love and tyranny."

Stephanie spends her childhood in France, in the slightly decadent atmosphere that seems to ensure future brilliance. She has wan, devout aunts and a wan, devouring governess; she has, as well, a beautiful but distant mother and a father who adores her but wishes she were a boy. The father disappears during World War II (to reappear later as a particularly ponderous figure). Stephanie immigrates with her mother to New York and receives an elite and stylish education, but she is always "different." She lives again in Paris, takes lovers, takes a husband, takes lovers. She has an *outré* Jesuit as a confidant and a beautiful woman friend whose "succulent" mouth she enjoys kissing (while they are in jail after a peace march). She has, in short, everything that a woman ought to have, including a successful career as a writer. But still something is lacking; she cannot seem to get—free.

I wish the plot of this book could be summed up differently because *Lovers and Tyrants* is in many ways more impressive than its materials would seem to allow. It is, in fact, almost a triumph over them. Gray writes so gorgeously that it's easy for her to overwrite. (Parts of the early French chapters put me in mind of a cake decorated by Proust.) Her characters also talk too much, especially in the last chapter, where philosophical delicacies are passed back and forth in impeccably mannered conversation, each aphorism and image a treat. However, the intricacy of Gray's reflection and the sheer abundance of her language (which creates a sumptuous wealth of detail) allow her to weave some of her themes into recurring but delicately varied patterns, and these are arresting.

The leading theme is the cannibalism of the family underscored by the cannibalism of the Faith ("This is my body"). Love means eat and be eaten. As a child, Stephanie is all but consumed by her hypochondriac governess, whose "instant and excessive love for me . . . made her share as many of these diseases with me as my strength could support." On holidays she visits her father's family in their decaying chateau, where the feasts of the church and the feasts of the family follow each other in the same changeless cycle. Up in the tower room, cousin Cecile doses herself with ether and dreams of the sacrifice of entering a Carmelite convent.

In the New World there is no escape from the oppression and jolting losses that come from the hunger for love. Throughout the novel, eating and appetite are the recurrent metaphors; lovers and families browse upon each other in mutual communion. Stephanie tries to break free of the food chain. "Families are the most intent, cannibalistic machines in existence," she screams at her lover. "They'll pull you apart limb from limb if you don't wean yourself away from the nipple before the next Pentecost comes around." Yet Stephanie's own greatest fear is insomnia ("waking up alone without my Daddy, my bottle").

Stephanie's marriage is like life in a secular Trappist monastery. While her husband meditates silently on the unchanging verities of architecture, Stephanie's part is to garden and preserve, put up jam, and prepare family dinners. When she leaves her husband, her children at last grown, she finds a consort, a beautiful boy who constantly begs her to buy him hamburgers, french fries, milk shakes. She has moved only from one greedy mouth to another. Here is Woman's Progress: from the unsatisfied longing for the breast, nurturance, and care to the feeding of the multitude.

Perhaps Gray is saying the point is to be able to *choose* to feed and choose to stop. The only ethical act, says the Jesuit, is the freely chosen act. Perhaps the point is to get beyond those hungers—through experience, age, and facing of death—and to escape into "the playfulness, the second childhood she's been seeking in this body-crazy world." For a few months, Stephanie promises herself, "I shall caress only

Sara Sanborn is a free-lance critic whose work appears in The New York Times Book Review, Commentary, *and other periodicals.*

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images, bathe them, feed them, give them life. I shall live alone, or with others, for myself. . . . Here at last is a beginning."

Here is also the only possible ending: the protagonist becomes a novelist.

THERE is so much in this book to admire that I wish I could believe Stephanie's story. I don't. Stephanie seems twice-born, her sensibility as narrator formed more by other writers, from Henry James to Kate Millett, than by the events recounted, which also have their haunting familiarity. I don't believe for one moment that Stephanie really has two children; in twenty years the chief effect they have on her is to supply her with wise-child sayings. Finally, I don't believe in Stephanie's unvarying superiority. Even in her bad moments, she is more thoughtful, sensitive, and self-perceptive, more humorous, open, and finally free than anyone she encounters. The other characters seem to have their existence only to further her self-exploration.

The jacket copy of *Lovers and Tyrants* solemnly declares that "Francine Gray has delivered us from the traditional inhibitions of women writers." It is hard to imagine what inhibitions are meant, now that we've all learned about the fear of flying; however, the invocation of women writers points toward what is wrong with this book. Gray, along with less-gifted writers, like Alix Kates Shulman and Erica Jong, hasn't so much escaped from working in the genre of "woman's novel" as she has turned it upside down.

The classic woman's novel (with or without Gothic trimmings) is a *Bildungsroman* with a short attention span. The heroine's education ends when she finds a husband. In the contemporary version, real education begins when she leaves her husband. In the tradition from *Jane Eyre* through *Rebecca*, the protagonist is a plain, friendless creature with no worldly prospects. In the tradition from *Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen* through *Lovers and Tyrants*, she is beautiful and brilliant, spends half her time in Europe, hobnobs with the great and fashionable, and is hounded to distraction by men. Jane Eyre gratefully laid down her pen when she found someone to appreciate her. Today's heroine picks up her pen when she has learned to appreciate herself. The material of fantasy has changed to accommodate women who take money, style, education, and social sophistication for granted. The base of fantasy is the same: My Suffering, My Triumph.

Women novelists have in fact rarely la-

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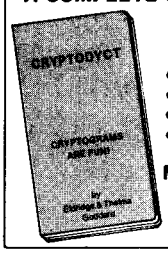

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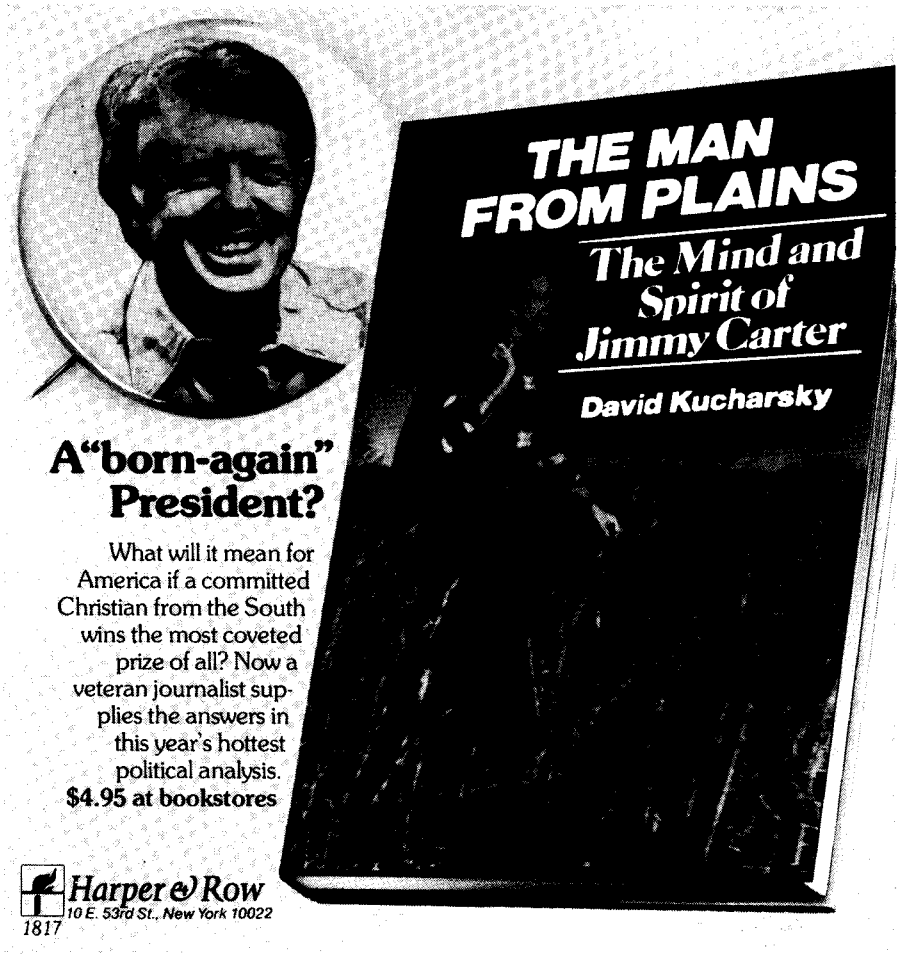
bored under literary inhibitions not imposed on men in the same culture, and their achievements doubtless explain why the new heroine is so predictably a writer. Social institutions of course are another matter. In her journal Stephanie writes, "All our biggest heroes are dropouts or bad boys, from Huck Finn to Norman Mailer, and when we women try it, we get belted."

We seem to have a great need now for novels that show women not merely as complicated and rebellious, which they have always been, but as socially spectacular. We want to see women revel in appetite and experience, flaunt it before the world, and not just get away with it but get applause. "A brothel or a conversion," Stephanie thinks desperately, looking for a way out of the woman's world. A little of both, it seems, and then—a novel.

One hundred and fifty years of cultural history has just caught up with American women, bringing together the Romantic period and the New Radicalism all at once. Someone has to gather the new myths and body them forth, but what is historically necessary is artistically disappointing. So much talent and thought in this book revolve like a clockwork dancer on a powder box around one tiny shining point: My Development. Stephanie, like most of the new heroines, has been psychoanalyzed, but the analysis doesn't seem to have taken. All of those battles have to be fought again, and the same old specters have to be vanquished—my mother, my lover, the Fifties. First novels produced by American women lately (with the exception of Lisa Alther's *Kinflicks*) seem to have only one real character in them: Me. A procession of erotic Dorotheas, without the rest of *Middlemarch*.

A romantic period always inspires a romance with the self, and in this regard men are as susceptible as women. (Take Norman Mailer, for instance.) Gray knows all this; Stephanie imagines the result saying, "You're offering yourself such pathetic choices, you're your own worst oppressor." The pity is that in her writing, Gray is not able to transcend those choices except into the modern fairy-tale ending—self-realization.

Women are specially encouraged to waltz themselves around now, as art-follows-life-follows-art. I hope the best talents can liberate themselves from that chain and put the blacking factory behind them. I hope our first love affair with ourselves is about over. ◉



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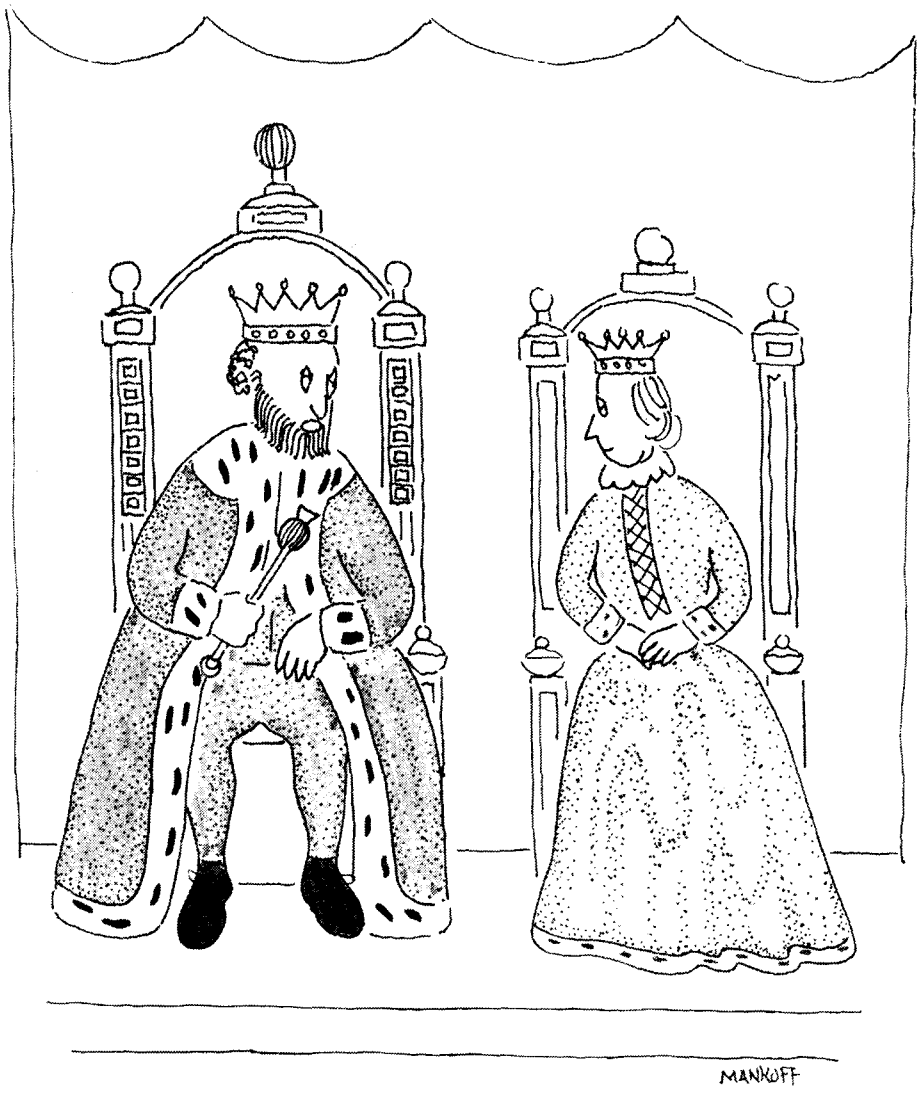
Books in Brief

How I Became a Holy Mother and Other Stories
by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala
Harper & Row, 224 pp., $8.95

In her new collection of short stories, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala continues to add fine shading to the cumulative portrait of India etched in her eleven previous works of fiction. As always, hers is an India full of mingled contraries: an ancient prostitute moves effortlessly between thoughts of God and meddling in her daughter's love life; a gruff woman hermit entertains the worldly relatives who stop off at her hut on their way to a fashionable resort; a coarse and selfish singer of genius browbeats his lonely wife and then entrances her with his passionately rendered songs of women's sufferings. With an irony that is no less biting for being affectionate, Jhabvala writes of a world in which individual wishes only rarely prevail against the crushing but seductive conformity demanded by a still traditional and family-centered society. All too often, to prevail is also to be cut off, like Pritam, the hermit, or like Sadie, the Englishwoman leaving India after thirty years of a marriage that became ever more traditionally Indian.

Jhabvala has been compared to Jane Austen, and on the surface the comparison would seem to be rather far-fetched: it's a long way from New Delhi to the rectory at Steventon. Like Jane Austen (and unlike most contemporary writers in English), she treats satirically and intimately a world in which conventions are precisely defined and widely accepted, even by those who are most harmed by them. This fascination with manners and social mores is perhaps why Jhabvala, although a European, seems to understand her characters most profoundly when they are being most Indian. Interestingly, the stories about Westerners in India, including the wonderfully titled lead story, are the weakest in the collection. The dizzy English girls in ashrams and the iron-willed colonial ladies seem pale and flat by contrast with the richly emotional and sensual Indians. This is a fine book from a consistently wise and sharp eyed writer. —KATHA POLLITT



"I've got nothing against anarchy, just as long as I am the anarch."

Singin' and Swingin' and Gettin' Merry Like Christmas
by Maya Angelou
Random House, 269 pp., $8.95

Maya Angelou is a self-conceived picaresque heroine. She lives her life as though it were a story, which is one reason why it transcribes so naturally to the printed page. I prefer the surging rhythm of her first volume, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, though I find the very professional, even-toned third and latest quite engaging. *Singin' and Swingin and Gettin' Merry Like Christmas* plots the genesis of a performer. Marguerite Anne Johnson, of Stamps, Ark., and Rite Sugar, and Rita—pseudonyms for prior personae—fall away as she comfortably inhabits her new name, Maya Angelou. In the course of *Singin'*, she marries a Greek sailor named Angelos; divorces him; out of desperation, takes a job shaking dancing in a San Francisco joint called the Garden of Allah; debuts at the counterculture's Purple Onion; and travels through Europe and Africa with the touring company of *Porgy and Bess*.

Angelou lives for the journey, not for the arrival; for sheer experience rather than promise of a Pyrrhic denouement. Canny and shrewd, full of the joy of life, in touch with the fact and the truth value of pain, she navigates between drama and realism. If, in the psychological sense, she is not an integrated personality that is because she is constantly growing, open to change, too alive to reduce herself to the polemical dilemma of a black career-woman-feminist-wife-mother. Her apparent unwillingness to make a paradigm of her identity keeps her singin' and swingin' while her style, grace, self-reliance, and *joie de vivre* make her glow in all her psychic disparateness.

—LINDA KUEH

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A Wind to Shake the World: The Story of the 1938 Hurricane
by Everett S. Allen
Little, Brown, 370 pp., $10

THE most vivid memory of my childhood is the hurricane of 1938. I didn't know it was a hurricane because in those days there was virtually no advance warning. That's why so many people—about 700—died. All I knew as I struggled home after school was that it was a terrible storm. The sky was a peculiar yellow, and the wind blew so hard that I had to cling to telephone poles as I inched my way along Broad Street in Providence. As I passed Calvary Baptist Church, roof slates were sailing through the air like lethal Frisbees, and enormous old elms were being torn out by the roots.

From that day to this, I had never had a full picture of the enormity of the storm. Then I read this splendid book. Allen has captured the tempest's awful majesty as it smashed its way along Long Island and into southern New England, the first hurricane to hit the Northeast in living memory. He tells hundreds of individual stories of tragedy and horror and heroism. Houses were lifted by surging waves and deposited well inland. Thousands of other buildings were smashed to bits. Waves trapped people who simply could not believe what was happening. Tides were so high that boats collided with a Boston-bound train in Connecticut; winds were so strong—in some places gusts topped 175 mph—that roofs were ripped right off buildings. It seemed sheer chance determined who would survive and who would perish. It's an extraordinary story, and Allen—a fledgling reporter at the time—tells superbly what happened on a day that hundreds of thousands will never forget.

—RICHARD J. WALTON

Midnight Baby
by Dory Previn
Macmillan, 224 pp., $8.95

SO IT's all true. Those haunting little ricky-ticky numbers that Dory Previn has been singing in that wistful way of hers are not just figments of her fervid imagination but also fragments of pure autobiography. This lonely lady of the Hollywood Hills tells her story in *Midnight Baby*, a 200-odd-page gloss on those horror-show lyrics that have chilled her rather special following into a loyal cult.

Previn grew up plain Dorothy Langan in Woodbridge, N.J.—Irish Catholic and poor, a singer and dancer for nickels and dimes in local talent shows, pushed on in order to realize the failed dreams of her parents. Her mother, Flo, was an alcoholic who had the good sense and self-control to keep the stuff out of reach—most of the time. Her father, Mike, a walking basket case if there ever was one, came out of World War I mentally ill ("shell-shocked," according to the old terminology), personally convinced he could have no children. Well, he had children. The first was Dory, who was the image of him, although he kept denying (even to her face) that he was her father. When Dory's sister was born, Mike became so obsessed by his imagined injury that he boarded up the three of them—mother and two daughters—in the dining room and wouldn't let them out, refusing to acknowledge for four and a half months that they even existed.

Family is fate. The messes we are were made of us before we ever had a say in the matter. Not all of us are smart enough to realize it—Dory Previn won that knowledge after a breakdown of her own—nor talented enough to shape art from it, as she has in her songs. She got at least that from it—but at the price she paid, it was no bargain. —BRUCE COOK

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 70

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 62.

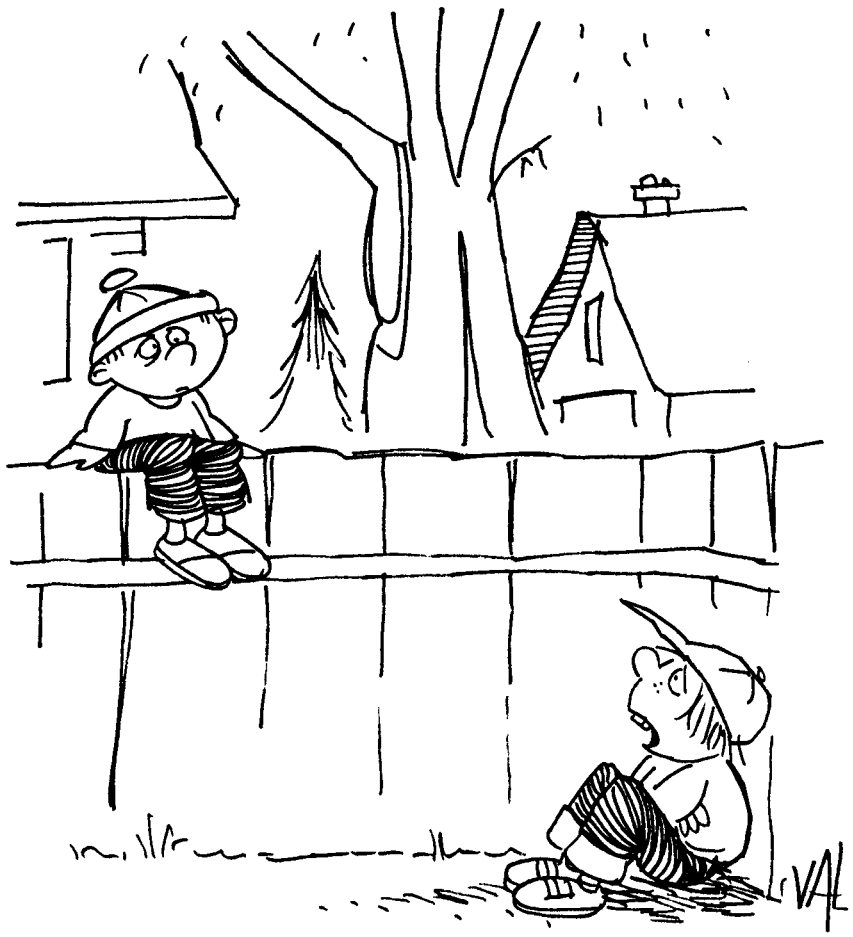
YW YD UAWWAO WF

SDG DFBA FZ WIA MNAD-

WYFVD WISV WF GVFC

SXX WIA SVDCAOD.

–WINOUAO



"Have you noticed kids are out of fashion?
They've got us down to zero population."

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Moss Gathers

Light verse is having a rough time of it lately. Poets write it, but almost nobody publishes it, in magazine or in book form. I speak as one with a manuscript going the rounds. So we can be grateful that Howard Moss's light verse *is* published, this time in *A Swim off the Rocks* (Atheneum, October 15, $3.95, paper). He's the poetry editor of *The New Yorker*, author of nine books of poetry, and winner of many an award. His verse is witty, sophisticated, and immensely skilled. I've always loved "Tourists," which begins, "Cramped like sardines on the Queens, and sedated,/The sittings all first, the roommates mismated . . ." and ends, "Subsiding like Lawrence in Florence, or crazily/Ending up tending up shop in Fiesole." That and most of the other poems are too long to reproduce, but here's the shortest, "Geography: A Song":

There are no rocks
At Rockaway,
There are no sheep
At Sheepshead Bay,
There's nothing new
In Newfoundland,
And silent is
Long Island Sound.

Natals

There isn't much more that can be said about birthdays than you'll find in Linda Rannells Lewis's *Birthdays: Their Delights & Disappointments, Past & Present, Worldly, Astrological, & Infamous* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, October 26, $10). I believe that birthdays are for children and have just suffered through a sticky one (ice cream, cake, candy) and the traumatic month that preceded it. Mrs. Lewis tells us how birthdays have been celebrated from the Greeks on down, explains different birthday customs around the world, and describes the eccentricities of some of the famous on "their day." She's almost as skeptical about astrology as I am. Right now, 50 million Americans are very much involved in this claptrap, but they're not the first or the worst: "Louis XIV is said to have concealed an astrologer behind the curtains of his bridal chamber so that the precise moment of conception of a possible heir might be known for the purpose of casting an accurate horoscope." We are also told that Arlene Dahl, the ex–movie queen, managed to arrange the cesarean birth of her son in December because "Sagittarians are great humanitarians." Mrs. Lewis also supplies a list of five or six famous people born on each day of the year, one of which I suspect is likely to be *your* birthday. It's a book to keep in mind for a birthday present.

Strange Bunch of Fellahs

Well, let's scratch another country off the list of places to visit. I've just finished *A New Yorker in Egypt* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, November 1, $10.95), by Hans Koning, a reliable reporter who has nothing pleasant to say about the country. What did he find? Filth and disease, mediocre food, tacky hotels, unreliable transportation, abundant tourist traps, evasive officials, the supercilious rich, and corruption on all sides. Oh, yes, he admires the antiquities, but he advises you to go see them all alone during off-hours. "The guides treat the Pharaonic past as a kind of brothel in which they act as pimps." Koning supplies prospective visitors with a list of points, one of which is a recommendation: "Get all the inoculations in the book. The world is not getting cleaner but dirtier, and Cairo is in the van of the development." Egyptian Tourist Board, please copy.

Horse Protestants

When I lived in Ireland for a short time, I ran across a number of "horse Protestants"—landed Anglo-Irish who knew and talked about nothing but horses. They can be terrible bores. But the Kirkwood family in David Thomson's *Woodbrook* (Universe Books, October 18, $10), although horse Prods, are not bores; the father is a painter, the mother a singer, and the two daughters are delights. Their family has lived in western Ireland since the early seventeenth century—always on the same huge estate, in a falling-down mansion, and with horses. But no money. The book, which reads like a novel (in fact, for the first twenty pages I thought it *was* a novel until I stumbled across a footnote), is a mix of autobiography, travel, and history. The thread that runs throughout is author David Thomson's love for Phoebe, the older child, who was eleven to his eighteen when he first came to tutor the girls. It is a totally absorbing book, rich in its descriptions of life in the great house, where the servants and stable hands worked without pay, as was traditional until recently. The author, a Scotsman, breaks into long stretches of Irish history from time to time, and your blood will run cold when you read how the English occupiers treated the Irish. There's a lot about the breathtaking beauty of the countryside and the delights of fairs, Irish wakes, and old Irish "characters." ◉

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The Herman Band at Forty–A Time for Cheering

by Gene Lees

OF THE dozens of big bands that constituted and characterized the Swing Era—dating roughly from the mid-1930s to the late 1940s—only a handful survived into the 1950s, and a mere four lived on into the 1970s: those of Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Stan Kenton, and Woody Herman. Ellington died three years ago, and his band is now led by his son Mercer. Basie, now seventy-three, was recently hospitalized after a heart attack, and his band's future is uncertain. This leaves Kenton and Herman. And in terms of professional longevity, Herman has seniority.

Woody Herman's first band was unveiled on November 6, 1936, in an engagement at New York's Roseland Ballroom. To mark the fortieth anniversary of that event, television stations of the Public Broadcasting System are presenting a ninety-minute documentary on Herman's band and career (November 2, 8:00 P.M. EST). Soon after that, on November 20, Herman will lead a retrospective concert in Carnegie Hall, bringing musicians from his past bands together with the young men who make up his present dazzling group. And RCA Records is preparing a multidisc album of Herman performances never before issued, drawn from radio broadcasts, World War II V-discs, and other sources.

This set of records is bound to be an important historic document, for the Herman band has probably produced more major jazz musicians than any other in the history of American music, certainly more than any other white band. Its alumni include important composers and arrangers, as well as an impressive constellation of performers, such as Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, and Shorty Rogers. The sound stages of Hollywood and the recording studios of New York are filled with former Herman bandsmen. Moreover, a good many Hermanites are now important music educators. Trombonist Phil Wilson, for example, teaches at the New England Conservatory. The scope, then, of Herman's influence on American music is beyond estimation.

And it still continues: critics and musicians alike agree that his present astonishingly virtuosic band is the best he has ever led. Such is the band's precision, coherence, exuberance, and power that—heard in person—it is almost overwhelming, one of the most exciting experiences available in contemporary music. It holds back nothing, and audiences literally stand up and cheer.

Herman, now sixty-four, is in some ways a complex man, in others a direct and simple one. Kooky and exuberant on a bandstand, he is low-spoken and rather shy offstage, except with those he knows well—and sometimes even with them. He said to me once, "I never have been much of a clarinet player. Saxophone is really my instrument." And on another occasion, "I'm just a good editor"—which is, of course, a staggering understatement. Herman's lack of pretension, however, does not bespeak a weak ego. He knows perfectly well who he is and the place he occupies in American music. When Benny Goodman irked him once with some manifestation of his famous *hauteur,* Herman said with acidulous sweetness, "Well, Benny, you could always play that clarinet and I could always organize a band."

SON of a Polish mother and a father of German descent, Herman left his native Milwaukee when he was seventeen to join the Tom Jerun band. (A fellow bandsman was singer Tony Martin, then a saxophonist. When Herman turned fifty, Martin sent him a telegram saying, "You may be admitting it but I'm not.") While Woody was still in his teens, the Jerun band played an engagement at a theater in San Francisco,

Gene Lees is a California-based songwriter and critic.

Culver

Early years—"Recording sessions for Columbia Records."

David Redfern

Herman now—"A father figure to young musicians."

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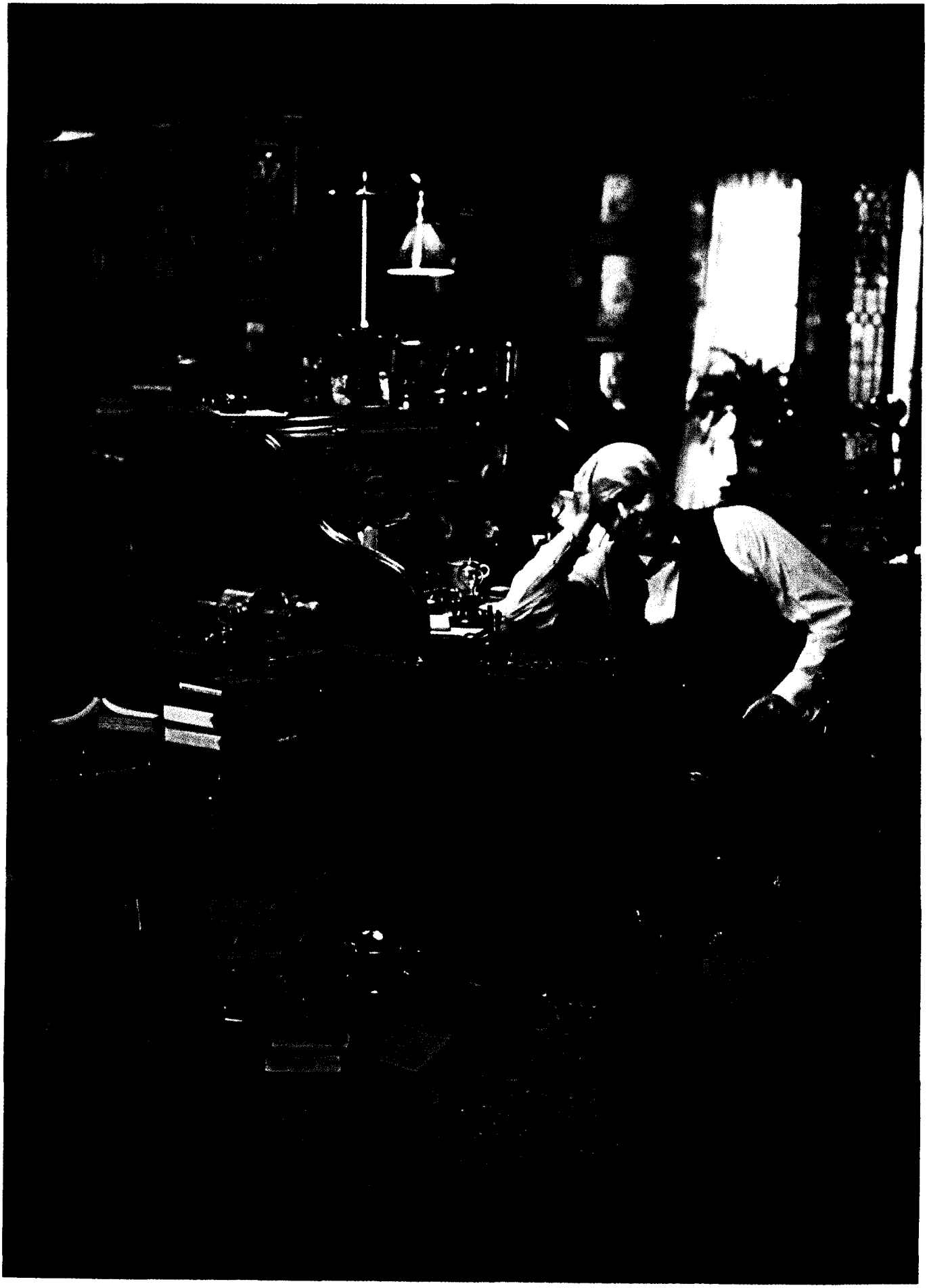

Thomas Edison, reminiscing in 1928 at age 81, is portrayed by actor Pat Hingle in a unique series of television commercials. One is reprinted here. You can see many of the others on the General Electric Theater in late December on CBS.

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And, by 1914, that wire was saving people more than 200 million dollars a year in electricity costs.

When Coolidge showed me that first piece of tungsten wire in the lab, he told me if he'd known anything about metallurgy, he never would have come up with the answer.

Because he would have known it couldn't be done."

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where he met a very pretty young actress and comedienne. They kept up a correspondence and courtship for several years, and a week before that first Roseland Ballroom engagement, they were married.

Today, Woody and Charlotte Herman live in a house perched high on a slope above the Sunset Strip area of Los Angeles. They bought it nearly thirty years ago from Humphrey Bogart. Here their daughter, Ingrid, grew up. Now Ingrid's sixteen-year-old son, Tom, is often there to visit his grandparents. This house is Woody's refuge, and he will fly home when the band has even two or three days off.

I dropped by to visit him one afternoon a few weeks ago. He led me out onto the patio, where he was trying to catch a little sun after a concert tour of European cities, including Warsaw. (The Poles claim him as one of their own, and Polish television is also observing his fortieth anniversary as a bandleader with footage shot while he was there.)

I ASKED Woody why, in his opinion, the Ellington, Basie, Kenton, and Herman bands had outlived the big-band era. Relaxing in old blue shorts and a pair of sneakers, he paused a moment, then said, "Well, for one thing, I think it's because these four bands are basically all jazz bands. When styles and fads and kinds of music change, there's always a hard-core audience still there—a jazz audience. They may be a minority group, but somewhere in the world, they're waiting for you. Of course, it was really a very different picture back in the 1930s and 40s. What we were playing then was actually the pop music of America."

In addition to the aforementioned orchestras, two others have survived in a nominal form, though their original leaders died long ago: the Glenn Miller and the Tommy Dorsey bands. They are what Woody calls "ghost bands," and he and Charlotte have agreed that his own band will never become one of them. "The problem is that they're playing music that's thirty or forty years old. Usually they don't add much new material. After a few weeks, it gets very wearing on the musicians, particularly the young people. And that's what you have to have—young people."

The Herman band, in sharp contrast, continues to evolve and grow and change, though not at the expense of the intense fire that is the common characteristic of every band Herman has ever led, a quality that clearly is a reflection of its leader's personality. The band's music today is much more complex than the music in the old days; and new material is constantly being added, a little of it from current pop music, more from the modern jazz repertoire. A good deal of it consists of original compositions, frequently in the compound time figures favored by the new young musicians.

"If I couldn't have done this, adding new things and letting the band evolve with the younger composers and players," Herman said, "I don't think I'd still be standing around out there and going through all the throes of travel and bad food and bum hotels. In the final analysis, it's the music and what it does for me as a human being and how much I enjoy it that decides whether I can stand the rest of it. If I had to keep polishing an old stone and playing what I did when I was a young man, I'm sure I would have quit long ago."

How old is the youngest member of the present band? Woody laughed. "We don't *ask* that. Actually, it's a strange thing. People come in and say, 'Wow, what young guys in the band!' The truth is that from my very first band, the musicians have always been in the same age bracket. The band stayed young. The coach got old, that's all."

A psychologist might suggest that Herman has been a father figure to young musicians because he never had a son to whom he could pass on his professional knowledge and experience. That may or may not be so. But whatever he gives them in terms of training and guidance, he clearly draws from them a great deal of his vitality, strength, and enthusiasm. And he has immense respect for the new generation of young musicians.

His present band reflects one of the most important changes in American music in recent years: jazz is now taught in universities. In addition, there are literally thousands of "stage bands" in America's high schools. Except for one musician who has been with him for many years, Herman's entire band is drawn from four schools: North Texas State University, in Denton; Rice Institute, in Houston; the Berklee College of Music, in Boston; and the Eastman School of Music, in Rochester. As instrumentalists, they compare with the musicians of thirty years ago the way today's young athletes compare with previous generations, which is to say that they are nothing less than amazing. Further, many have extensive training in composition and orchestration.

"THE whole attitude of young musicians has changed in the last ten years or so," Woody observes. "This is in every way one of the cleanest groups of young men I've ever been around. They're so interested in music, and when they decide to make it a career, they take a no-nonsense attitude. They have fun, but it's not that old attitude of you have fun first and *then* make the gig. That's long gone by the boards."

Stated quietly like that, Woody's praise has reverberations of meaning in his life. Back in 1948, when heroin was making deep inroads into jazz (as it later would into America as a whole), much of his band had become strung out. "I was so naive," he said once, "that I kept trying to figure out why my band was always falling asleep." The situation began to put a severe strain on his marriage. One night in Washington, D.C., after the band had turned in a particularly bad performance, Woody sat alone at the bar in an after-hours hangout downing drinks, then went into a telephone booth for privacy, shut the door, and wept. Not long after that, he broke up the band. (Since figures on recidivism among heroin addicts are almost always gloomy, it is interesting that, except for one man who died, all the addicts in that 1948 band later broke the habit and are today productive; some of them are even quite famous.) After disbanding, Woody spent a year repairing the damage he felt he had done to his marriage. When he went back on the road, Charlotte went with him. She still travels with him much of the time.

Except for that one year off, then, and a brief period in 1960 when he led a septet, Woody Herman has been out there on the road for forty years leading a big band of constantly changing personnel. Never a man given to the casual expression of his inner feelings, Woody confessed to me that he truly loved the sound of that band behind him. "Sometimes I become as thrilled as the customers or the guys in the band. When we're making it, we all know it. You get a feeling. Of course, there are times when I'd just as soon take a walk! That's to be expected, we're only human. But when it happens, it's dynamite, and as long as I still have my health and strength, I'll go on doing it." ◉

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The Movies

Sherlock Meets Sigmund in Lushest Vienna

by Judith Crist

THE game is afoot with Holmes in nouveau fettle, and the cinema summer of our discontent fades fast. The game is that deliciously Freudian one Nicholas Meyer concocted in his 1974 novel, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*, a delightful pastiche presented as "a reprint from the reminiscences of John H. Watson, M.D.," as edited by the writer. It has been brought to the screen by producer-director Herbert Ross not only with noteworthy elegance and taste but also with a new climactic plot provided by Meyer's screenplay, which supplies a crisper story line and further diversion for those familiar with the best seller. And perhaps above all, an excellent cast brings this romantic adventure to life with its literary tongue-in-cheek nuances intact and its cinematic possibilities exploited to the full.

Amid the charming Sidney Paget title drawings from *Strand Magazine,* the prologue explains: "In 1891 Sherlock Holmes was missing and presumed dead for three years. This is the true story of that disappearance. Only the facts have been made up." The facts, as Meyer has made them up, are that Watson discovers his old friend is an almost psychopathic paranoid and that the villainous Moriarty is his *bête noire.* Addiction to cocaine, taken in a 7 percent solution, lies at the root of his delusions. Moriarty is now an enfeebled old man, a far cry from the "Napoleon of crime" of Holmes's delusions. Protesting the detective's persecutions, Moriarty explains that he was simply a mathematics tutor to both Sherlock and his brother, Mycroft, in their childhood; he bears them no malice—though, admittedly, there is a secret the three share. Watson decides that the one man who can help Holmes is the author of an article on addiction in *The Lancet*, a Dr. Sigmund Freud, of Vienna. With Mycroft's help and Moriarty's unwilling cooperation, Watson and Holmes and a faithful bloodhound go off to visit the psychoanalyst, not only to cure Holmes's addiction but also—and who would have it otherwise?—to encounter a lovely lady whose "head of red hair is the toast of four continents" and who is in very deep distress indeed. Here the plot has been changed from the novel. Instead of simply postponing World War I for a couple of decades, as was done in the book, Holmes and Freud manage to save the lady from a fate worse than the usual. What's more, there are indications that Freud, as a result of his analysis of the great detective, has saved Holmes from the unrequited passions that have been his traditional fate.

The change of the final problem, however, has altered neither the subtleties of character nor the imaginative adventures that Meyer allotted his heroes, and the sense of period is richly sustained in Ken Adam's production design, with London at its foggiest, Vienna at its lushest, and a lovely John Addison score to underline it all.

The cast is as urbane as the directorial tone. Nicol Williamson and Robert Duvall bring a refreshing vigor and muscularity to the Holmes-Watson screen tradition, with an interesting new emphasis on an egalitarian friendship between them. But there is small doubt that Alan Arkin as an energetic and activist Freud practically steals the show. His comic-character mystique vanishes behind his handsome bearing and authoritative mien; the striking intelligence of his portrait is laced with humor and compassion. And to supplement them with charisma and performances that overflow their relatively minor roles, there are Sir Laurence Olivier as the near-decrepit Moriarty; Vanessa Redgrave, exquisite enough to excite even Holmesian passions, as the lady in distress; Joel Grey, a seedy little villain; Jeremy Kemp, an aristocratic big villain; and others, all rightly cast but too numerous to name.

Off to a properly paced Victorian start, both leisurely and expository, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* gathers momentum as a very high-class charade that neither winks an eye nor stoops to simplistics. It conquers on its own level, and very posh and pleasing it is.

THERE is nothing posh and everything pleasing about François Truffaut's *Small Change (L'Argent de Poche)*, a completely winning portrait of children in a variety of shapes, forms, and dispositions. It is a sunlit film, a burble of laughter and a wistful sigh perpetually edging into its episodic exploration of youngsters in and out of school and home, with adults intruding occasionally but serving largely as background. In the catalytic person of a "welfare" child, it will, of course, bring the French artist's first film, *The 400 Blows,* to mind; but if its "message" is the ringing defense of the rights of children delivered by a teacher, the film is stating what was inherent in that first small masterpiece. However, the seventeen years between have enabled Truffaut to see the experiences of the young in far more opti-

Arkin and Williamson—"An energetic Freud and a paranoid Holmes."

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mistic terms—and with a new appreciation of their resiliency.

That resiliency is literally epitomized by Gregory, one of the most charming of Truffaut's kids. A slip of a toddler not much taller than the French bread he hauls about, the boy manages to survive a nine-story fall from a window with a self-satisfied "Gregory go boom." Gregory is one of the neighborhood folk surrounding the school that is the focal point for what plot there isn't. The screenplay (by Truffaut and his long-time collaborator, Suzanne Schiffmann) simply details some happenings in the course of a school year, from summer to summer, in two classrooms.

One class is conducted by Jean-François Stevenin, an expectant father with a remarkable feel for children of all ages; the other is handled by Chantal Mercier, a young teacher unsure of her discipline and of how to cope with boys who masturbate in the back row. The youngsters do what all children through the ages have done in school and out—fudge to cover lack of preparation, exchange utterly banal "dirty" jokes in the schoolyard, pull horrendously inventive pranks to break their weekend fecklessness (done here to the soundtrack recording of Charles Trenet's sweet "Children Are Bored on Sundays"), and, purposefully or not, torment their elders. One boy nurtures a crush on a classmate's mother and goes through the first agonies of a double date; a willful little girl makes her innocent parents guilty of neglect; two lads turn barber, and the local barber is blamed.

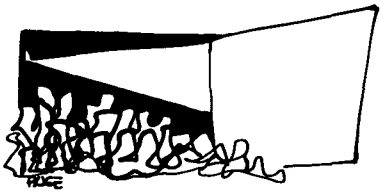
Sporadic, interwoven, the various experiences are loosely linked by the presence of Philippe Goldman, the "welfare" child. The horrors of his home are only suggested in his outcast wanderings, his petty thefts, his pathetic pretenses. The adults carry on their lives, devoted and kindly—and the children live their own lives. It is the living that Truffaut captures in exhilarating and perceptive terms that touch every facet of our experiences. It is a film for those who have been or are still children.

THE seductive powers of the thriller are epitomized by *Marathon Man*. It is, in fact, a film of such rich texture and density in its construction, so fascinatingly complex in its unfolding, so engrossing in its personalities, and so powerful in its performance and pace that the seduction of the senses has physical force.

The auspices of the work underline one's pleasure in the convergence of talents that took place, bringing William Goldman's best seller to film. It has been produced, with Sidney Beckerman, by Robert Evans, whose *Chinatown* attests to his way with thrillers. The screenplay is by Goldman himself, whose very first scenario was for *Harper*. Above all, it has been directed by John Schlesinger, the British filmmaker, whose *Midnight Cowboy* and *The Day of the Locust* showed his special perception of the American scene and whose segment ("The Longest," which deals with the marathon race) in *Visions of Eight*, the directorial anthology film on the 1972 Olympics, has special bearing on this work.

The grueling pace of the long-distance run provides the rhythm of the film from our initial encounter with Dustin Hoffman, a Columbia University graduate student, who, through his daily workout, is fighting the demons of a childhood tragedy. The pace increases as the scope broadens to encompass the small horror-tinged fatal events here and abroad that are converging upon the runner—and finally there is the ultimate mile, with a special terror beyond international intrigue and midnight streets, out in the everyday sunlit open, dogging the runner's footfalls. "If you're a marathon runner," Hoffman explains initially, "you don't give in to pain." The pain has been emotional, but the ordeal of physical suffering has become an excruciating test of human endurance.

Hoffman's persona is perfection for the young man enmeshed in the affairs of his brother, a double agent of a governmental shadow organization. These involvements lead to the runner's confrontation with the White Angel of Auschwitz, a surviving embodiment of the Nazi torture horror. That horror is given full satanic force by Laurence Olivier, who brings a soul-cringing credibility to evil. Roy Scheider as the brother, William Devane as his colleague, Marthe Keller as a lovely pawn, and the minor players who have their moments in the deadly race are all brilliantly cast. The entire production—given a hellish glow by Conrad Hall's cinematography—makes *Marathon Man* a potential neo-classic of the thriller genre. ◉



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Fine Arts

Preservation of the Avant-Garde

by Katharine Kuh

In Stockbridge, Mass., it was Norman Rockwell Day (Sunday, May 23, 1976), and the streets were crowded with admiring throngs. As *The New York Times* reported, "Sitting in white wicker chairs, the eighty-two-year-old illustrator, pipe in mouth, and his wife, Molly . . . reviewed the Bicentennial parade . . . in this Colonial-period town where Mr. Rockwell has lived since 1952." En route to the nearby village of Tyringham, we passed through Stockbridge that day and were thus afforded a striking contrast in the sociology of current art folklore. No greater duality can be imagined than the austerely geo-

Jean Brown—"Intense and tenacious."

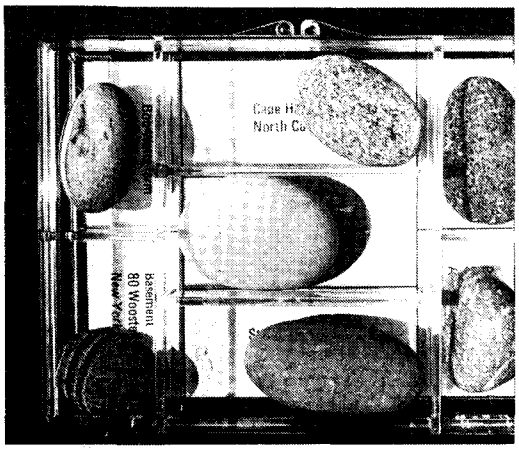
metric Shaker Seed House in Tyringham, with its comprehensive Dada archive, and the cozy front-porch celebration in Stockbridge for a painter whose work is so optimistic as to be a virtual negation of all that Dada stands for. Even a committed nihilist bent on devastating satire would have difficulty improving on Rockwell's healthy complacency.

One of the two most inclusive files (the other is in Germany) on Dada and such related movements as Surrealism is known as the Jean Brown Archive and is housed in what was once a Shaker seed storage, a building modestly tucked away on an unlikely country road in the Berkshires. Assembled and presided over by Jean Brown, a woman of remarkable intensity and tenacity, this collection of primary material, including documents, periodicals, all manner of publications, letters, photographs, memorabilia, and occasional original works of art, is international in scope. What makes it doubly engrossing is its emphasis on present-day avant-garde outgrowths of Dada in the visual, literary, and performing arts, the last usually related to music, dance, or "Happenings."

This scholarly enterprise, which might have resulted in a file of purely historical data on the original Dadaists whose angry voices were a direct concomitant of World War I, has instead turned into an ongoing, trail-blazing record of twentieth-century thinking. It remains scholarly but transcends history to become a living, growing investigation. And, indeed, these days Jean Brown seems more interested in the present than in the past; for her the present offers unlimited and unrestricted possibilities. On the other hand, for the hidebound there is a shock on every shelf and in every well-filed drawer. Even the most up-to-date art enthusiasts may find that Jean Brown has outguessed them and discovered incubating movements before the artists within those movements have discovered themselves.

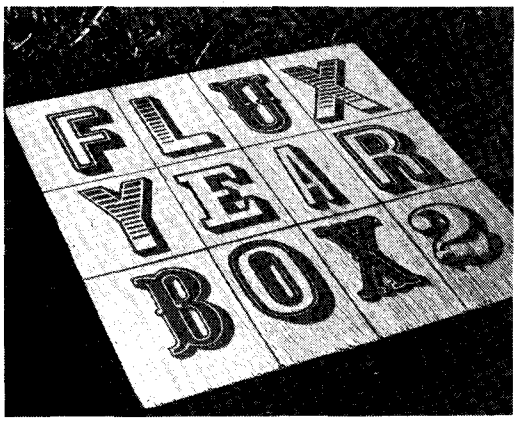
She tells me that nearly twenty years ago she and her late husband, Leonard Brown, started collecting art. "He liked original works," she said, "but my father was a rare-book dealer, and I was originally a librarian," so eventually she amalgamated these various interests into an overlapping enterprise. Though documents are vitalized by occasional paintings, drawings, and mobiles, it is not originals that dominate the collection; it is carefully organized periphery files. The archive, available only to experts, artists, and students, sets the pace for an invaluable type of specialization. One could wish that in America similar attention were being lavished on Fauvism and Cubism, two other seminal movements from the early twentieth century. Brown's correspondence with fellow spirits throughout the world is heartwarming; people seem able to find one another even when isolated on remote country roads. Students from France, England, Brazil, Holland, and from all over the United States have used her files while researching their specific projects.

Emphasis is on Dada rather than on Surrealism, for Jean Brown finds the former "zanier and freer—a protest movement agin everything." And, to be sure, Surrealism was more rigid, governed always by the inexorable rules laid down by André Breton. Random relationships, chance, the accidental, the throw of the dice—these are the lures that lead Jean Brown into the offbeat byways of contemporary culture. From the early days of Dada, her archive bulges with material on Arp, Duchamp, Breton, Tzara, Picabia, Man Ray, Schwitters, Soupault, Hugo Ball, Ernst, Hulsenbeck, and George Grosz. Less well-known personalities are



Flux Atlas by Robert Watts.

Flux Year Box 2, May, 1968.



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likewise included, as, for example, the German architect Johannis Baader, who was among the original Zurich group that founded Dada. He also designed stationery for the movement and was active at the now-famous (once considered infamous) Cabaret Voltaire, where the Dadaists hatched many of their most rebellious experiments and where their contempt for war, government, and society was given free rein. Antisocial stunts and angry travesties often backed by the latest Freudian discoveries led at times to such total self-destruction as suicide. It was in Zurich that Dada frustrations blossomed into a wayward anarchic school that eventually spread to other parts of Europe and in milder form to the United States. Somehow the inherent ebullience and relative isolation of America provided less fertile ground for such bitter iconoclasm.

In addition to files on the original orthodox movement, the archive includes a bewildering supply of data on so-called Post-Dada figures. I say bewildering, since some of these artists, practitioners, performers, conceptualists—call them what you will—are so self-conscious as to formulate a school merely because its members have nothing in common except an urge to be anti-art, anti-establishment. Whether these later disciples have made any radical discoveries is open to question. Instead, they seem to have concentrated on new applications of earlier ideas, often in modified and more playful form. Fluxus, which is a leading proponent of Post-Dada, bases its name on the need for change but in most respects appears to cling closely to the philosophy of its ancestral roots. To quote one of its advocates, the poet and filmmaker Victor Musgrave, "The inconsistencies of Fluxus add up to a logic of their own—antirational in the same way that Zen was antireason to produce the blinding flash of understanding." One could easily substitute the word "Dada" for "Zen" and be equally correct.

The Brown Archive is especially rich in material on Fluxus. Such disparate European, Oriental, and American personalities as Robert Watts, George Maciunas, Dick Higgins, George Brecht, Christo, Yoko Ono, Nam June Paik, and Ben Vautrier, the last a self-confessed spiritual son of Duchamp, are all loosely identified with this non-movement, which, likewise, owes much to the liberating influence of John Cage. Becoming a convenient umbrella for much of today's avant-garde, the title covers innumerable media—film, architecture, video, painting, sculpture, theatrics (often called "Happenings" or "Events"), dance, music, publishing, festivals, and games. You name it, Fluxus has it, even going so far as to claim close ties with the behavioral and social sciences and also with theology.

Jean Brown does not pretend to make qualitative evaluations. What she obviously wants is to rescue all possible data on certain developing movements before any part has been lost or destroyed. Whether each fragment she assembles will have permanent interest is not her concern. She does make deliberate choices, however. For instance, she has eliminated Pop Art, though it is loosely related to Dada, because her investigations center on little-known explorations, preferably on underground activities. She has even unearthed a series of Polish periodicals dealing with forbidden sub-rosa movements in that iron-curtained country. It is always the marginal she stresses—such manifestations as Concrete Poetry, Rubber Stamp Art, the vagaries of video. She is after elusive connections, the small interstices that relate the recent past to less-publicized present-day directions. It is on off-offbeat experiments she concentrates. For her, Pop Art is too easily cubbyholed, too much a product of PR; in a word, too commercial and, in addition, already amply documented.

OTHER borderline movements she considers extensions of Dada and also perhaps of Fluxus are Postcard Art and Lettrisme. For some years certain artists have denounced what they view as the sterility of museums and private galleries. They resent, too, the difficulty of breaking through the official barriers that prevent them from reaching the public, and as a result they are turning to "mail art" via postcards and letters. Introduced by the ironic correspondence of the American artist Ray Johnson, the idea has caught on. There have been international postcard shows, one not long ago in Kassel, Germany, and another in Canada, called Canadada Postcards. Based chiefly on enigmatic and often anonymous communications posted at times in series, these missives usually depend on a mélange of unexpected words, design, typography, and occasional collage. The receiver is bound

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to react, if only through curiosity. Here, then, is a new and non-commercial type of art; nothing is for sale. The letter or postcard is a secret gift, prodding the reader to some form of participation, yet demanding no direct response. As a matter of fact, much of the art connected with Dada is unsalable because of its purposely ephemeral character. The early traditional Dadaist experiments, having at present weathered well over one-half century, are avidly collected as priceless documents of the past, but originally they, too, were considered expendable and were conceived as put-downs of the very art history they now have joined.

Because Jean Brown is a trained librarian, she has developed an excellent cross-filing system in which tangled strands of past, present, and intervening periods are interwoven, as are also divergent media. The second floor of her house has been arranged as a working archive where cabinets, drawers, shelves, and cards provide carefully organized interrelated material. For the serious student who is welcome (by appointment only) to work here, the facilities are unrivaled and the surroundings serenely sympathetic. One sits in a large airy room looking out on the foothills of the Berkshires while immediately at hand is a wealth of prime material available without a hint of red tape.

There is only one other comprehensive Dada file to compare. Though institutions like The Museum of Modern Art library also offer fine coverage, they do not stress detailed memorabilia or personal documentation, nor do they provide such extensive information on little-known recent developments. However, a German dentist, Hans Sohm, has made an exhaustive compilation of similar data. Jean Brown visited him at his home in a suburb of Stuttgart and reports that the experience was a psychological shot in the arm for her. She felt she no longer was alone. In 1974 Sohm exhibited a section of his archive on Fluxus at the Clocktower in New York. The survey was scarcely a popular success, and with some reason. Announcements, programs, printed material, music scores, stray photos, and occasional other objects are not exactly dramatic optical stimuli. For that matter, conceptual art has usually seemed as non-visual as it is non-salable. I agree with Jean Brown, who once wrote me, "I am being besieged with requests (from colleges) to exhibit the collection. Since the archive is primarily a study collection, I feel it should remain here and be accessible to the people who come." ◉

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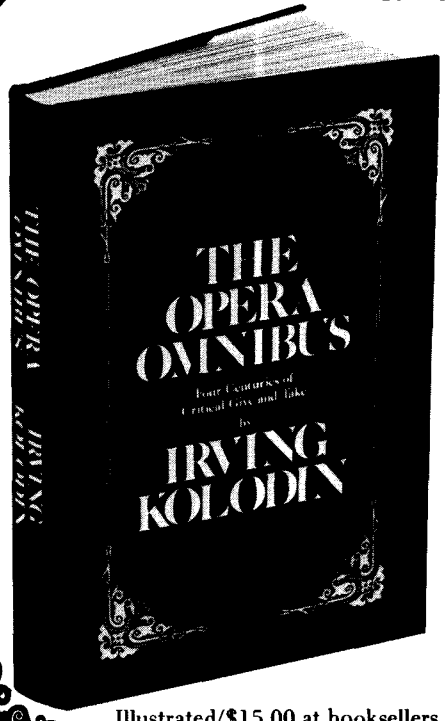
—TONY RANDALL



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Music to My Ears

A New Audience for Chamber Music

by Irving Kolodin

AN EARLY fall Sunday in New York that produced two programs of chamber music in major halls also gave rise to some thoughts unrelated either to the works or to how they were performed. They were related, rather, to the noticeable number of young listeners at the Carnegie Hall matinee that concluded this year's series by Isaac Stern and Friends and to the bigger share at the first in a series of Eastman Concerts by the Cleveland Quartet in the evening at Alice Tully Hall.

In both instances the repertory came from the deep heart of the chamber-music literature—works of a sophistication commonly associated with a "mature" public. Some skeptics might attribute the presence of the young element at the Stern concert less to the music, more to the celebrated performers or an affinity in age between the youthful Cleveland Quartet and many of those present.

Whatever the cause, the results were an encouraging sign of a new audience forming up to take the place of the old one as it suffers inevitable attrition. For the Cleveland Quartet, it was an endorsement of interest in the newest of the best American ensembles in their new identity as artists-in-residence at the Eastman School, in Rochester, N.Y.

It's distinguishing traits remain: youthful enthusiasm, vibrant strength, and an uncompromising pursuit of musical purpose. These are values to treasure and virtues of which to be proud. At this point in the development of their repertory, they play some things better than everybody but not everything better than anybody. Thus, the Ravel was ringingly pure in articulation but a little pushy and overassertive; the Mozart D-major quintet was fervent if sometimes lacking in finesse; the Schubert octet was broadly sonorous, almost passionately protective of the composer's interest, without always showing full awareness of where those interests were centered.

The additional players were Francis Tursi (viola) in the Mozart quintet; Stanley Hasty (clarinet), David Van Hoesen (bassoon), Verne Reynolds (horn), and James Van Demark (double bass), in the Schubert octet. All are musicians of the quality to be expected of faculty members at one of America's most prominent conservatories. But only bassist Demark showed a command of dynamics and tonal coloration to collaborate with the other string players on the highest level of ensemble; that is, to achieve the "studio standard" associated with the best recordings of this literature.

Some may contend this is an unfair comparison, that recordings are special projects, with results beyond duplication in the concert hall. Such a complaint might have been justified a decade or so ago. But Stern and Friends aim for such excellence and often achieve it; and the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center has established an enviably high level in a concert series now in its eighth season.

BASIC to the establishment of the Chamber Music Society was the ongoing participation of a repertory company of permanent artist-members (the number is now eleven). Included are four string players, two pianists, and five wind instrumentalists. This gives them the resources to perform anything from duos to nonets without going outside their own membership, save in special circumstances. With such artists available on uncommon instruments as Walter Trampler (viola), Gervase de Peyer (clarinet), Barry Tuckwell (horn), Paula Robison (flute), Leonard Arner (oboe), and Loren Glickman (bassoon), the international "studio standard" is constantly within reach.

How has the experiment fared? Brilliantly, to say the least. To be sure, the cost of such quality comes high and cannot be met by ticket sales alone. Fund raising (on the order of a quarter-million dollars a year) is required to meet the payroll and to sustain a commissioning program. But the seasonal schedule has now been expanded from sixteen concerts in 1969 to more than sixty in 1976–77, with four visits a year to the Kennedy Center, in Washington, and two tours (in October and January) to eighteen cities, which will include the West Coast for the

Artist members of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. Front: Paula Robison (flute). Center: Charles Wadsworth (piano and artistic director), Gervase de Peyer (clarinet), Loren Glickman (bassoon), Leonard Arner (oboe), Richard Goode (piano), Walter Trampler (viola). Rear: Leslie Parnas (cello), Jaime Laredo (violin), Barry Tuckwell (horn). James Buswell, this year's addition (violin), is not included.

Just Published

The editors are pleased to announce the publication this week of *The Opera Omnibus: Four Centuries of Critical Give and Take* (Dutton, $15)—a literate and witty guided tour through the operatic firmament by *SR*'s distinguished music editor, Irving Kolodin.

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first time. The National Endowment for the Arts has not yet, to my knowledge, made any grants to chamber-music projects; certainly the literature and the high standards of performance evolved for it in this country merit such reconsideration.

THE double visit to the United States of the Paris and La Scala opera companies ended with glory enough for both and some special memories of each. For La Scala it was a witty, polished production of Rossini's *La Cenerentola*, designed and directed by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, with such able *farceurs* as Paolo Montarsolo (Don Magnifico), Luigi Alva (Don Ramiro), and Claudio Desderi (Dandini).

But *La Cenerentola* is an Italian retelling of the Cinderella legend and thus requires three female performers of equal quality. These La Scala provided in Margherita Guglielmi (Clorinda) and Laura Zannini (Tisbe) as the avaricious sisters and, above all, Lucia Valentini Terrani as Angelina (Cinderella). Such artistry in mime, gesture, *and* singing as the six commanded made the hours pass like minutes in a blend of mirth and melody rarely experienced on this side of the Atlantic. Chicago has been having a touch of it in a version of the Ponnelle production in which Alva, Montarsolo, and Terrani are involved, and the greater the credit to General Manager Carol Fox for such kindness to her Lyric Opera public.

The Paris Opera visit to New York produced the kind of artistic impact to be expected (see *SR*, September 4, 1976) from its productions of Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* and Verdi's *Otello*. Gounod's *Faust* had an impact of another sort. That related primarily to its "period" production not in medieval Germany (as Goethe had it) but in France of the 1870s. So far, so good. Even worse was the choice of a huge plastic-and-wood likeness of a glass-and-girder "Crystal Palace" as a unit setting. The vaulted space accommodated the enormously elaborate, well-sung Kermesse scene and the church interior acceptably but reduced everything related to Marguerite's house and garden to absurdity.

Mirella Freni was the Marguerite who dwelt in the tenementlike surroundings, singing fluently, if not Frenchly; Nicolai Gedda was the Faust who valiantly delivered, "*Salut, demeure, chaste et pure*," to wooden walls and steel steps that were neither chaste nor pure. Roger Soyer was a gruff unpersuasive Méphistophélès; Michel Plasson was the conductor. And Paris was where *Faust* was born! ◉

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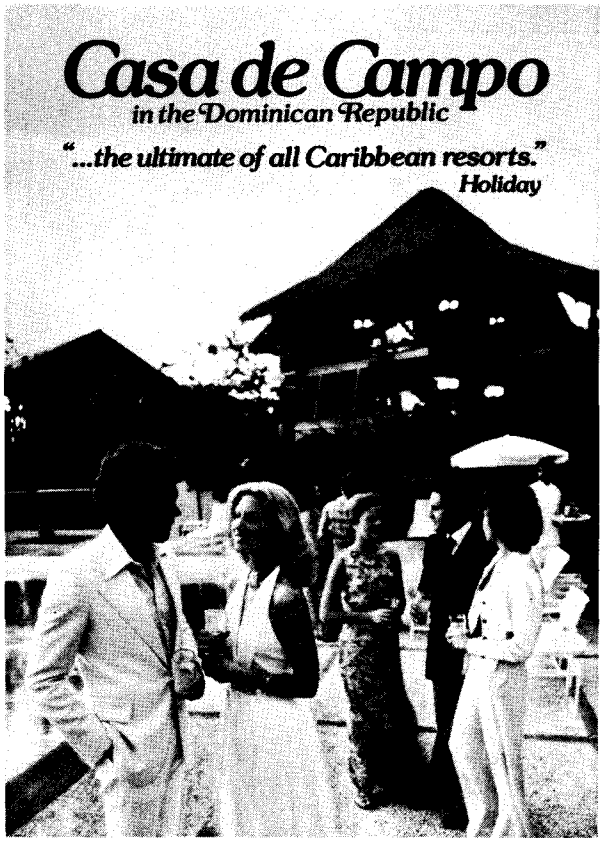

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

A Word Is Worth a Thousand Pictures

by Cleveland Amory

OUR topic today is a syllogistic diversion about the ubiquitous plethora of anodynes and anaphrodisiacs by which you may alleviate your concupiscence.

You're already mad, aren't you? Why? Well, according to etymologist Norman Lewis, author of *Word Power* and *More Power with Words*, when we encounter a new word, either we ignore it or we shake our head and make a mental note that we dislike somebody who shows off by using big words or we get mad and throw the magazine or book down.

What it is, apparently, is guilt, stemming from the fact that the average adult, Lewis claims, learns fewer than twenty-five new words a year.

And we do this, he goes on, despite the fact that it has been clearly proved that success in life and a large vocabulary go hand in hand. Indeed, Dr. Johnson O'Connor, director of the Human Engineering Laboratory, has flatly declared that an extended knowledge of the exact meanings of words accompanies outstanding success more than any other characteristic that HEL has been able to isolate or measure.

The clincher is that you did better as a two-year-old. In fact, according to Lovisa Wagoner, chairman of the Department of Child Development of Mills College, the average child of two knows and uses 300 words; at the age of two and a half, he knows 450 words; at three, 1,000 words; at four, 1,800 words. During the eight years of grade school one learns 3,000 to 4,000 words and in high school and college a minimum of 2,000 to 4,000 more. Thus 95 percent of one's vocabulary is gained in childhood—more than twenty times as much in the first school year as in all the rest of one's life.

Weigh the contrast, Dr. Lewis begs. We have, Dr. Lewis, we have. And we promise you: tonight, no gin rummy—Scrabble.

Doctor's Dilemma Dept.—as prescribed by Mrs. Jay Carncross, of Utica, N.Y., who found it in "Let's Stay Well," in the Utica *Observer Dispatch*:

The wine-flu vaccine program is progressing, but not without problems.

Of, we presume, their own making.

Gloom-of-Night Dept.—as unsealed by Mrs. Eadith Morales, of Wilmette, Ill., in the Chicago *Daily News*:

James. H. Rademacher, president of the letter carriers, says he's as concerned about another facet of the plunge toward electronic mail. He believes advocates of that system are "unwittingly falling into the hands of a subversive movement in this country which seeks to destroy the most important facts about mail: its security, sanctity and personal mess."

If they can destroy that, we say, more power to them.

Semantic Note—as discovered by Constance Rutter, of Lake Havasu City, Ariz., who came across it in the "Arizona Congressional Candidate Survey"'s description of candidate Don Aldridge's stand on education:

I believe in bi-lingual Education as follows —I believe that non-English speaking be taught English, & English be taught non-English speaking.

Now, that's what we call a real position paper.

Police Blotter—as inked in by Louise Torrey, of Westport, Conn., in the Westport *News*:

Mrs. Sam Chambliss told police Sunday morning that her house had been broken into twice the night before, and that a pot of cooked chicken and a 4½ carat diamond ring had been stolen from the kitchen.

Mrs. Chambliss reported that she found the chicken missing when she first checked the kitchen, around 10 p.m., and that she left her ring on a table near a set of sliding glass doors and went into another room. When she returned, she said, the ring was gone.

The chicken was valued at $3; the ring at $4,000. The matter is under investigation.

Let's just hope there's no cover-up. ◉

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Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 40):
broomed, bedroom, boredom

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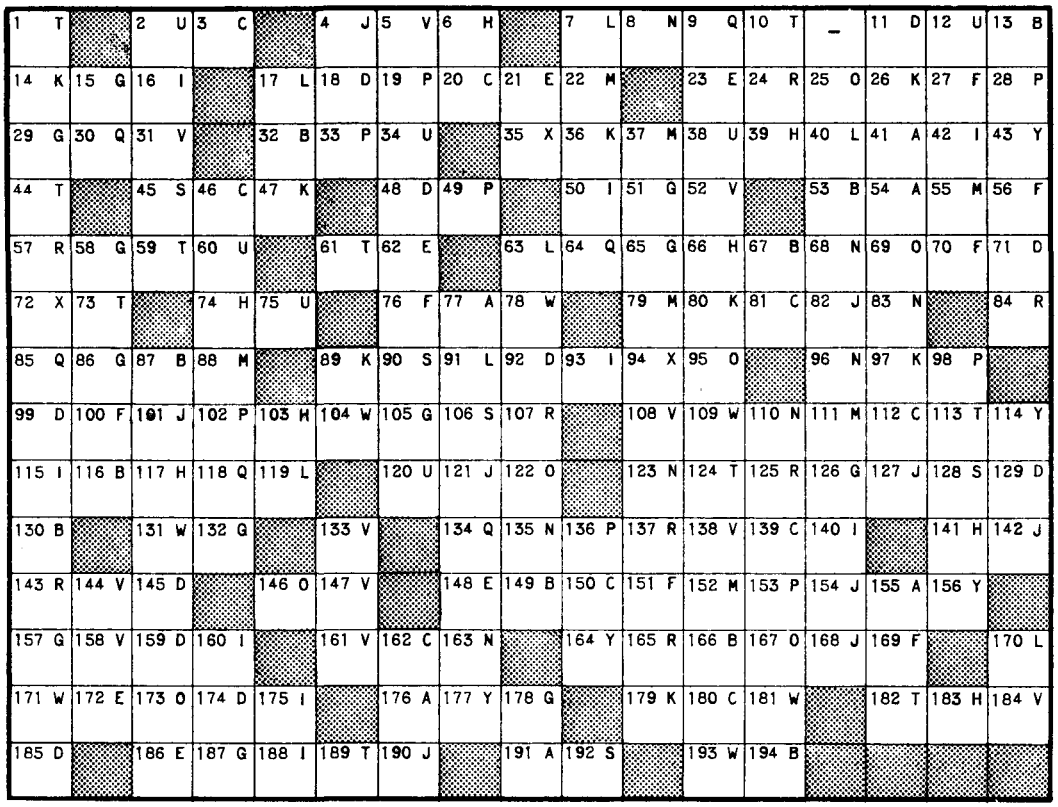
Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton



Number 110

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Cause of impairment, destruction, ruin	41 54 77 155 176 191
B. Sequence or series (2 wds.)	13 32 67 87 130 166 194 53 116 149
C. Hep, hip, with it, cool (3 wds.)	150 162 20 46 81 112 139 180 3
D. Dictatorial, haughtily arrogant	18 92 129 174 48 145 159 185 71 99 11
E. Psychologist (1886–1941) who was one of the fathers of the Gestalt school	186 21 172 62 148 23
F. Revealed (2 wds.)	56 76 100 151 169 27 70
G. Plots, intrigues	178 15 29 51 86 105 126 157 58 132 187 65
H. Greedy, grasping	66 117 183 6 39 74 103 141
I. Slender characin fish having a luminous green and blue stripe running the length of the body (2 wds.)	160 175 188 16 50 93 115 140 42
J. Spiny	82 101 121 190 4 142 168 127 154
K. Fern with fronds having crescent-shaped pinnae	14 26 47 97 179 36 80 89
L. Disconcerted, embarrassed	91 170 63 119 7 40 17
M. First-magnitude star in the constellation Leo	22 55 79 111 152 37 88
N. Cheerful readiness, promptness, or willingness	96 68 123 110 135 8 83 163
O. English poet and novelist (1886–1967; *Counter-Attack*)	167 69 95 122 146 173 25
P. Direction, drift	102 136 28 98 153 33 19 49
Q. Hire; attract	64 118 134 85 9 30
R. Gratifying, delightful	84 107 165 137 57 143 24 125
S. European mountain ash having red berries	90 192 45 106 128
T. Being prepared, developed, or completed (3 wds.)	1 59 124 10 182 189 61 113 44 73
U. Valley of Hinnom, where propitiatory sacrifices were made to Moloch	60 12 120 34 38 75 2
V. Indifferent, cool (comp.)	5 161 108 147 158 52 133 144 138 184 31
W. Bound, fastened	131 104 109 78 181 171 193
X. Danube port in Baden-Württemberg	72 94 35
Y. Anglo-American political theorist and writer (1737–1809)	164 114 177 43 156

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 109* appears on page 42.

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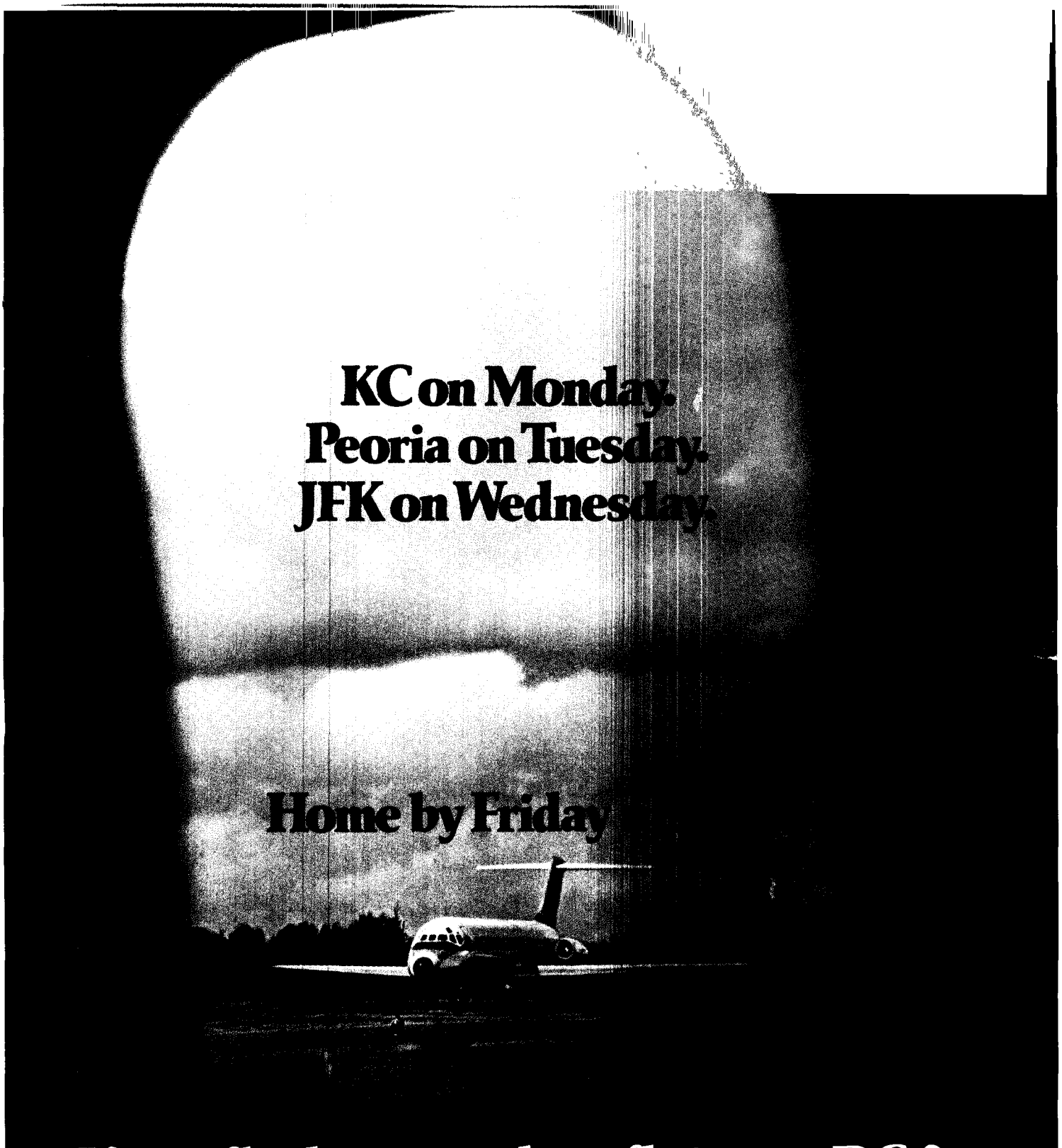

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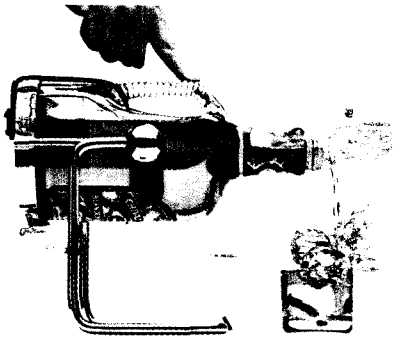

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